# Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

VOLUME XI. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 1878. NUMBER 49.



## Assignee's Sale.

...ursuance of an order of the Court of Common ...leas of Cambria county, to me directed, I ...ill expose to sale by public vendue or outcry, on ...ES, at

**TUESDAY, JAN. 22, 1878,**

...CLOCK, P. M., the following described real ...estate, to wit:

**...ertain Piece or Parcel of Land**

...situate in Allegheny township, Cambria county, ...ounded as follows: Beginning at a beech ...; thence south 84 degrees, east 60 ...to a large sugar; thence by land in name ...Van Ant, south 2 degrees, east 158 perches, ...stones; thence by land conveyed in name ...Ent, south 88 degrees, west about 159 ...to Chest Creek; thence down Chest ...place of beginning—containing about **100** ...about 40 Acres cleared, having thereon ...two story PLANK HOUSE, a one-and-a- ...PLANK HOUSE, and a STABLE.

...ERVATION.—I am also directed in said or- ...sent to offer said property for sale reserv- ...not way for pipe, &c., conveyed by deed ...in Hamil, and if a sufficient price be bid ...for record, then make report of such ...If a sufficient price to cover said debts be ...thereof be ordered to offer the same with-

...TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase ...to be paid on confirmation of the sale, one- ...one year thereafter, and the balance in ...two years thereafter. Payments deferred to bear ...interest from the confirmation of the sale, and to ...be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage ...of the purchaser.

JOHN WAGNER, Assignee of Charles A. McMullen.

## ...inistrators' Sale of Real Estate!

...By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of ...Cambria county, the subscribers will offer at ...public sale on the premises in Cambria township, ...Cambria county,

**TUESDAY, JANUARY 22d, 1878,**

...at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described real ...estate, to wit, as the HALFWAY HOUSE, of ...Robert Fresh died seized, to wit:

**...ertain Piece or Parcel of Land**

...situate in said township, along the Ebensburg and ...Carrolltown plank road, adjoining land of Edward ...Robert Edwards, David Abrams, et. al., ...**one Hundred and Twenty-five** ...**one half Acres**, in a good state of cultiv- ...ation, a fine orchard, an abundance of good ...timber, pure water, etc., on the premises. ...The improvements consist of a two story frame ...house, well suited for a farm house or public ...house, barn, and other outbuildings. Title ...indisputable. The above property is convenient ...to church.

...TERMS OF SALE.—One-third on confirmation of ...the sale, one-third in three equal annual pay- ...ments, to be secured by mortgage and bond of ...purchaser, with interest from date. The ...interest on the whole to bear interest and to ...be annually during her lifetime, the ...principal remain as a lien on said property.

CHARLOTTE FRESH,
JOHN W. SHARBAUGH,
Administrators of Clement Fresh, dec'd.

...EDITOR'S NOTICE.—On Dec. ...1877, on motion of A. V. BARKER, ...Orphans' Court of Cambria county ap- ...pointed the undersigned Auditor to report dis- ...tribution of the fund in the hands of CHARLES ...ROSE to pay the real estate of LEWIS ...ROSE, deceased, as shown by his second and ...final account, and amongst the parties en- ...titled to the same. Notice is hereby given ...that I will attend to the duties of said appoint- ...ment at my office in Ebensburg, on FRIDAY, ...the 25th inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and ...where all parties interested must present their ...claims or be debarred from coming in on said ...fund.

GEO. A. MARKLE, Auditor.
Dec. 28, 1877.—3t.

...EDITOR'S NOTICE!—Having ...been appointed Auditor by the Or- ...phans' Court of Cambria county to report distri- ...bution of the funds in the hands of Jacob Hoover, ...Esq., (Thomas Adams of Joseph), late of ...Cambria township, deceased, to and among the ...parties entitled, notice is hereby given to ...all parties interested that I will attend to the ...duties of my appointment at my office in Ebens- ...burg, on WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15th, 1878, at 2 o'clock, ...P. M., when and where all parties interest- ...ed may attend if they see proper.

M. E. BUCKLEY, Auditor.
Dec. 21, 1877-3t.

...EDITOR'S NOTICE.—The un- ...dersigned having been appointed an ...Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county ...to distribute the assets in the hands of S. H. Seebler, Esq., ...Executor of the last will and testament of Mrs. Ann Stiles, deceased, as shown by the ...first and final account filed, to and among those ...legally entitled to receive the same ...hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in ...Ebensburg, on Friday, the 25th day of January ...inst., at 10 o'clock, A. M., to attend to the duties of ...his appointment, when and where all persons in- ...terested may attend if they see proper.

J. G. LAKE, Auditor.

...ESTATE'S NOTICE.—Whereas ...Letters of Administration on the estate of ...Daniel and Regina Ellwanger, late of ...Carrolltown, Cambria county, Pa., deceased, have ...been granted to the undersigned, all persons ...indebted to said estate are requested to make ...payment, and those having claims or demands ...against the same will present them for settlement.

PETER WELSH, Assignee, &c.
Dec. 14, 1877-6t.

...ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE ...Letters of Administration on the estate of JOHN HAMMAN, dec'd, late of ...Cambria county, Pa., have been granted to the undersigned, who hereby gives notice ...to all persons indebted to said estate that pay- ...ment is required without delay, and those hav- ...ing claims against the same will present them ...duly authenticated for settlement.

MARY HAMMAN, Administrator.
Dec. 21, 1877-6t.

...ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE. ...Letters of Administration on the estate of JAMES DOYLE, dec'd, late of ...Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., have been granted to the undersigned, residing in ...said township. All persons indebted to ...said estate are requested to make immediate ...payment, and those having claims or de- ...mands against the same without delay.

J. G. LAKE, Administrator.

...FOR SALE.—A BAY HORSE.—Came to the ...premises of the subscriber, in Cambria ...township, on the evening of the 27th of December ...last, a bay horse, about sixteen hands high ...and about seven and eight years. No ...property, pay charges and take ...him away, or he will be disposed of accord- ...ing to law.

THOMAS HOOVER.
Dec. 14, 1877.-3t.

...NOTICE.—All persons are hereby ...cautioned against harboring or trust- ...ing on account my son JOHN GRAFF, aged be- ...tween 20 and 21 years, who has left home without ...any just provocation, as I am determined to ...not pay any contract unless compelled ...to do so by law.

SEBASTIAN GRAFF.
Dec. 21, 1877-3t.*

...STRAY.—Came to the premises ...of the subscriber in Gallitzin township, ...about the 1st of November last, a red heifer, ...with white face. The owner is hereby notified ...to come forward, prove property, pay charges ...and take her away, otherwise she will be sold as ...the law directs.

JAMES McCLOSKEY.

...NOTICE OF THE PROTECTION MU- ...TUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF ...CAMBRIA COUNTY.—Notice is hereby given that ...an election for Managers of the said Company, ...to serve for the ensuing year, will be held at the ...Public House of Thomas Rodgers, in Ebensburg, ...on MONDAY, January 14th, 1878, between the hours of ...10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

T. W. PRICE, Secretary.

...DR. J. M. KEIM, M. D., PHYSICIAN ...AND SURGEON, Ebensburg, Pa., re- ...spectfully offers his professional services to ...the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. Dr. K. ...may be found at his residence, on the corner ...of Centre and Green streets, when not profes- ...sionally absent. He speaks German as ...well as English. [9-5-77-tf.]


### BACK ON HIS ENGINE AGAIN.

JOHN D. MISSIMER.

"Whizzing along a mile in a minute
And getting all out that ever was in it!"
Was the song of the fast express and mail
As it thundered along the iron rail.
Away through cuts, then out in the light—
And then through tunnels black as night;
Switches, bridges, levels long,
Singing a wild, fantastic song,
That clattered and rattled along the track,
While the engine threw the echoes back
And screamed through the green and waving trees.
A loud, shrill whistle on the breeze!
And thus the train, with its precious load,
A mile a minute went down the road.

Tommy Malone was the engineer,
Who watched the puffing loud and clear.
"Aha! old thunderer, brave and true!
The same old motion still with you!
The same old stroke and giant stride
When months ago I quit your side!"
And he gave it another "notch," did he,
And pulled the throttle just to see
The iron giant turn its wheels,
As if old Satan at its heels
Had joined the clamor and clang of song,
That wafted in fury the train along!

A mile a minute and more they went,
To beat the fastest train they meant;
"Give her another shovel or two!"
Spoke Tom to his fireman, Jem Larne,
The furnace roared as the coal went in,
And the lurid sparks above the din
Were whirled away like a comet's tail
As the fast mail whizzed along the rail
And sang its song in its wild flight down,
A mile a minute to the town.
"A mile in a minute, a mile in a minute,
Getting all out that ever was in it!"

They rattled along at lightning speed,
And Tom on top of his iron steed
Felt happy, as one who death had passed;
Glad as a wanderer home at last!
From under his cap-rim, snug and tight,
He peered ahead and all was right;
Then petted and smiled on the "No. One"—
The engine he left when the strike came on—
"Brave girl, we're together again, all right!
And never to part in a senseless fight;
Never to leave with the ill-advised,
But stick to you and the dearly prized
At home, the wife and the children three,
Who trust in God, in you and me!"
And away they thundered down the road,
A mile in a minute the speed they showed,
And the passengers smiled in their own good cheer;
They knew that the brave young engineer
Was back at his post, and at lightning speed
Was petting his engine, in his creed
"To get all out that ever was in it,"
As they thundered down "A mile in a minute,
A mile in a minute, a mile in a minute."

### THE DEVIL-FISH.

A TRUE STORY OF THE INDIAN OCEAN.

"Hans, did you ever see an octopus?"

"Not that I know of. I never heard tell on them, as I can mind. Queer sort of name, isn't it, sir?"

We were lying at anchor off Batavia, after a longer trip than usual, and I was reading some copies of the *Times* which had been sent out from home during our absence, and had accumulated to a good heap while we were away. Of course the newest papers were looked at first, so it was only on this afternoon, when my work was done and the sun too hot for us to go ashore, that I had come upon the discussion concerning the existence or non-existence of the "octopus" which had appeared in the columns of the *Times* some months before.

Hans was a weather-beaten old sailor, a Dutchman by birth, who had been in the ship much longer than I had, and was known for as steady a hand as a man need wish to have under him. There was no shirking at the wheel when he was there—no need to be watching him every minute to see that the vessel was not easing from her course, or luffing up the wind and liable to be taken aback as I found was necessary with some of the men, who would have had her on a reef and a hole through her bottom rather than take the trouble to keep her up and do their work as they ought. There was not an officer who did not think himself in luck when old Hans was at the wheel during his watch, nor a man on board but liked and respected the rough but kind hearted old tar.

"Well," I replied, "that is the scientific name; I dare say we should find them something else. But I'll see if I can find any description of the creature," and I turned over some other numbers of the newspaper as I continued—"The doubt seems to be about their size not their existence."

"There's bigger things in the sea than people thinks on as hasn't seen them," replied Hans seriously, as he shifted his pipe from one side of his mouth to the other, and leaned a little farther over the bulwarks watching the clear water which lay beneath us in the wonderful transparency which belongs to the Indian ocean.

"Ah! here's the account of it! A sort of devil fish, I fancy. But how about a devil fish being enough to kill a man first and eat him afterward?"

"Is it devil-fish they mean by that queer name?" asked Hans, lifting himself up.

"I think so. Listen to what they say;" and I read out the description.

"That's him," said Hans, who had listened attentively—"there a'n't no doubt; but why doesn't they call things by their right names? People would know what they was talking about then. I told you I'd never seen one, didn't I, sir?"

"Yes," I replied.

"But I have, and the Lord grant I may never see another."

And there was not the smallest doubt that Hans meant what he said from the very bottom of his heart. It was impossible to mistake the earnestness of his words; and, besides, he was in general a very reverend, God-fearing man, never using words which he had better have left alone nor making a joke of religion.

I saw at once that there must be a yarn worth hearing, but Hans was very unwilling to tell it.

"I go all of a crawl when I think of it even now, and it's eight years since it happened."

"Never mind that," I urged; "it can't hurt you now, you know; and when people in England are disputing about the size of the creature, it's worth something to bear a story from a fellow who has seen one."

"Seen it? Ah, and felt it, too," and Hans drew himself together with a shudder.

"Felt it? By Jove, you ought to know the rights of it, then."

"None better. Look here, sir," he continued, "if you wants the yarn you shall have it, but I a'n't fond of telling it to anybody. There's been some as doubted whether it were all true, and, when a chap has had as close a shave as I had, somehow it goes agen him to have folks disbelieve what pretty nigh cost him his life."

"I quite understand that, Hans; but you've never told me an untruth yet and I don't believe you're going to begin now."

"Thank you, sir," said the old fellow, looking pleased. "Well, if you'll wait a minute I'll tell you all, just as it happened."

He rolled away across the deck, and went below, but soon came up again with a leather bag in his hand. I had seen it before and knew he kept his treasures in it, so I put aside my newspapers and settled to a comfortable smoke while listening to the story which Hans told, as follows:

"Some few years ago—it was about '63, I reckon—there was a very bad time out in these parts. I don't know how it happened—though perhaps you do, sir—but trade seemed altogether at a standstill. Some firms sent their men adrift and laid up their ships, for it was no good fetching things when there was nobody to buy them when they was fetched; others held on and did a little bit here and a little bit there, pottering in and out among the islands for a log or two of mahogany or sandal wood, or a bird's nest, or whatever came handy. But there was nothing doing to speak of, and the town was as full as it could hold of men that had much better been afloat.

"I was sent adrift early. I was not sailing for this firm then, and, as I was pretty well off when I got ashore, I didn't trouble myself for a few weeks, for I'd chanced on a boarding-house where the grub was good and they made me comfortable, but as time went on, and there came no chance of work, I didn't like it, and what was more, the missus at the boarding-house didn't like it either. She had need to be sharp with such a set of beech combers as was about then, and I'm not blaming her for when the money goes the welcome goes with it, all the world over—and mine had nearly come to an end, and my berth wasn't what it used to be. I stirred about to see what work I could find, but there was nothing in my line. Owners were afraid to risk their money, and a good many had hard work to keep on at all, and I could not hear anything moving in the way I was used to. But after a while I was told of a small craft that was going out to pick up a cargo for the China market—nests, sharks, dogfish, anything they could lay hands on; and, though I didn't half fancy the lot on board, I got shipped and went with her.

"The skipper was a native, and we'd two chaps that it was all I could do to put up with—Europeans they were too, but I'm blest if they hadn't turned Mahometans; and to see them a bowing and a scraping to the prophet, and carrying on their games about Mecca, and all that bosh, it were enough to turn a fellow sick, and them born Christians, too. However, I kept a quiet tongue and said nothing, though it would have done me good a score of times to tell them a bit of my mind. At the fishing grounds we had very fair luck, and got a tidy lot of sharks besides."

"What did you get them for?" I asked.

"Bless you, sir, them Chinamen will eat anything. The nastier it is the better they like it. Dried shark and pickled fins fetch lots of money out there. But of course the nests was what we looked to make profit by; and the skipper took a run for the island. But he hadn't any luck to speak of, till he got a private word from a Singapore boat of a cave in one of the islands, that ships did not often go near; not knowing there was anything to go for. We should never have heard of it, only the skipper, being a Singapore man himself, got the hint from his friends.

"It was a pretty place when we reached it, that island was, or, more properly speaking, there was two, and we dropped anchor between them in what looked like a bay, though there was a narrow passage right up at the far end.

"There were lots of swallows flying about, but where to find the cave and their nests bothered us altogether. We looked far about from the sea, and then went ashore and worked along the cliffs, and wherever there was a dark place one of the Cingalese went over to search; but not an opening could we find, and the skipper got wild to see the birds, and know there was a prize close by and not able to find it, and after a day or two he offered twenty dollars to any one who could discover the entrance.

"The ship was anchored and there was nothing doing, except that the divers were after pearl oyster and coral, or whatever they could find underneath; so we men they used to go prospecting, and one day I got used to go prospecting, and one day I got leave and took a little bamboo boat—we'd a lot of 'em aboard, packed one inside the other—and went off to see what I could do. I rowed right up the bay to the end, and found a narrow little bit of water that took a turn round a steep rock and then brought me into wide water again. I hadn't gone far in it when a chap hailed me from the shore, so I ran in and found he was one of those Germans who spend all their time getting birds and beasts, and flowers and insects. There's lots of 'em about the island, sir; and they go pretty nigh off their heads if you show them a beetle that is out of the common, no matter how ugly the brute may be. I never could see no reason in such goings on; but I had not noticed before that they are wonderful soft about telling things that other people would want to keep to themselves—same as they are wild to get hold of what we should be glad to let alone; so, after we had had a little chat, I asked him if he'd dropped across any caves or openings about there.

"'Oh, yes,' he says quite willing. 'There's a large one not far off. I passed it only last night, and should have gone in, only I hadn't got my gun, and there was something queer looking out of it; but I shall be round there again soon.'

"'Shall you?' thinks I. 'Then I'll just go and look round first.'

"He told me where it was, and away I went, thinking I was sure of the twenty dollars reward.

"The opening was not a large one, but as soon as I ran the boat inside I could see that it was a big place, and no mistake about it being the one we wanted. There were nests stuck on the walls and nests hanging from the roof, and before I began knocking these down I stopped to think whether it would be safe to keep it all dark, and make a venture myself when we got back again to Batavia—for those nests fetch a lot of money, you know, sir. It was very tempting, but it was not very safe; so I made up my mind to let it out, and began knocking down nests with my pushing pole. It was not a very long one though, and the cave was high; so I did not trouble myself to get more than just enough to show the skipper that it was all right; and then, feeling hot and tired, I sat down in the boat and looked about me.

"It was a real pretty sight; the sides of the cave were covered with some hard, shining shells that looked like glaze, and the way all sorts of different colors shone about on it was wonderful—it puzzled me to tell where they all came from; but there wasn't one you could mention but was shimmering and shining in that cave the same as they do in a mackerel's sides when it's took out of the water.

"The sea was as still as a pond, but very deep—for there was no seeing to the bottom even in that clear water; but it looked so cool and pleasant that I thought I'd take off my clothes and give them a rub, for they were not very clean. There was a ledge of rock on one side, something like a shelf; toward the entrance it got very narrow and came to nothing. The other way it became wider, and led to the back of the cave, where there was a sort of beach which ran up farther than I could see—for it was darkish there, being a long way from the opening.

"I got out on to this ledge and stripped, and soon had my things washed nice and clean. Then I thought I would take a swim; so in I went, splashing and diving, and carrying on like a child. It was very good fun, sir, that were, but it weren't fun when I came up again and looked about me—for my boat that I'd left fastened to the ledge was gone—gone clean out of sight, as if it had never been there at all. It made me feel a bit queer, and I rubbed the water out of my eyes, thinking I must have got blinded like; but no—look as I would, there was no boat, and nothing to show where she'd gone.

It takes a long while telling, sir, but it wasn't ten seconds after I was out of the water before I was down by the stretcher I'd jammed into a crack of the rock—and I weren't none too soon, for the rope was just slipping off the end when I fished it, the stretcher itself being all bent down on one side, though I'd put it upright when I got out of the boat. There was no doubt now where she'd gone; she'd gone down and I began hauling in my rope, bothering all the while what she'd gone down for—and I'd plenty of time to think about it, for, haul as I would, the boat never stirred. There she was, hard and fast, and I might as well have been pulling against the living rock for all the good it did.

"It was not exactly a comfortable fix to be left in that cave without the chance of getting out again; and when I found I could not stir the boat I began to think I might have to stay there a goodish while, for, though some of the crew would be sure to find it, or the German to look around in a day or two, I didn't make up my mind to waiting for them till I saw there was no chance of getting out any other way. Just behind where I stood the waves had made what we call a wind-hole, but it wasn't so wide as a common chimney, and it would take a longish jump to get to it, and no good then, for it narrowed at the top till you could only just see the light coming through. I was looking round, thinking I'd fasten the rope safe, and then go up to the beach end, when I felt a jerk, and before I could pull up came the boat again close to my feet.

"'You're come as you went,' says I, 'but now I'll keep you safe;' and I stooped down to lay hold of her, when there happened the awfulest thing I ever heard or dreamed of. Straight up out of the water, not three feet away from me, rose two great dripping arms. There was never a splash, never a bit of noise, but for the drops of water falling back again into the sea, but higher and higher those awful things came up out of the water, a clear eight feet, and then they turned themselves and bent toward me. I gave a yell and jumped back, for they seemed as if they'd almost touch me. I was scared out of my senses with terror; and, instead of turning to the right, which would have led me to a broad ledge, and so on up to the beach, I sprang to the left, and there I was standing on a bit of a shelf, the rock behind me slippery as glass, and straight below me the still, green water, looking as beautiful as you could fancy, and those two horrible arms waving and creeping nearer and nearer.

"If once they touched me, I was a dead man—I knew that well enough. I don't think I should have been scared to die if it came straightforward, by drowning or any regular seaman's chance; but to be drawn into the water by those horrible clammy arms, and pecked to pieces almost before I was dead by the creature they belonged to—it took the heart out of me, sir, I don't deny. I kept backing close against the rock, edging away as far as ever I could, when up came the beast itself, and I could see his cruel beak and the frightful look of him as he put his arms closer toward me. With another scream—for I was off my head with fright—I turned and made a spring at the wind hole. How ever I reached it I don't know; but it was my only chance, and somehow I hit it. Up I went, sweep fashion, but I could not get far, it was too narrow, and, squeeze and push as I might, I could not get on.

"Ever so far above me I could see the sky through the opening at the top of the hole, and some bits of grass and leaf waving about against the light, ever so pretty. I wasn't thinking of such things, but I took notice of them for all that, and can see them now, if I shut my eyes, just as they were growing then, when I did not think I should ever see the sky or grass again.

"I suppose I had been in that hole about ten minutes, for I'd done all I knew to get on, and gave it up as a bad job, and was thinking that if I was out of the creature's way I might stick there a good bit, and then perhaps drop and make a run for it at the far end of the cave. But it was a desperate chance, sir, for those beasts don't give up a thing when once they have set themselves to get it. They will stop and wait as patient as you like, but you don't tire them, and they'll stop and watch till you go down before them, sheer wore out and beat.

"I was thinking of this when something cold, soft and sticky touched my foot. For a moment I did not think what it was; but it came slowly crawling above my ankle, then another cold, soft, sticky thing got round the other side and climbed above my knee and clung to me tight—as death. And then I knew that the creature had got hold of me at last, and the horrible arms were clinging and sucking at my leg!

"I screamed then, sir. How I did scream and how I tried to kick them off and get my leg free! I might just as well have tried to kick off my skin; close as my skin they stuck to me, and swayed as I kicked, always loose and easy but still with a steady pull toward the sea. They did not drag hard; the creature seemed in no hurry—he knew he'd got it all his own way, and was willing to take his time. But, though the drag was no powerful, it never loosened the strain, and I had to cling to the rock and get my elbows on a ledge and bear against it.

"How long I stayed there I don't know—it seemed hours and hours, but it could't have been long, not many minutes, I suppose—and all the time I was screaming as a woman might have done for the horror of it, when the light at the top of the hole and the sky and the waving grass were shut out, and I was all in the dark.

"'Halloa! Who's there?' hailed a voice, and then I knew our skipper was up aloft and help near.

"I told him as well as I could, for I was pretty nigh beat, and the creature was pulling now with a harder strain.

"'Caught by a devil fish,' shouted the skipper to his men, and his voice came to me as from a long way off. 'Hold on to him!' he cried to me, putting his mouth to the hole. 'Don't let him go—we'll be down in a minute.'

"And so they were, for the Cingalese took a dive from the top and were up at the entrance of the cave almost before he had done speaking. The others weren't long after 'em—they were round in the whale-boat pretty quick; and never a sound did I hear like the music of the beat of their oars that brought me health and life. But then Cingalese and Malay fellows were afraid to tackle the brute, though it takes a lot to frighten those divers, they being accustomed to queer things under water; but when they saw what had got me, not one of them would venture into the cave. They harpooned him at last—got one from the whale-boat—and then cut him up with creases and swords."

"It was lucky for you that help was near," I remarked, as he paused.

"You may say that, sir; but it has always seemed to me something more than just luck."

"You are right, Hans. But how was it that they were on the cliff just then."

"They'd gone prospecting for the new cave just as I had, and had come to the wind-hole as they worked along the top of the rocks. The skipper was for one of the men trying to get down it, but they said it was no use, and while they were talking they heard me scream."

"So that was the end of the octopus—he was cut up by the divers."

"Yes, sir—cut up and taken to the China market with the other things, and the skipper gave me half what he sold for, so with that and the twenty dollars for finding the cave, the trip turned out pretty well for me. Can you guess his weight, sir?"—and Hans looked at me inquiringly.

"No," I said. "What was it?"

"Four hundred weight, or rather over," replied the old man slowly, as he untied the leather bag, which all this time he had been holding. "Look at these, sir," he continued, as he took out three or four brownish gray things, rather like small tea-saucers in shape, and measuring three inches in diameter, and then another looking like the dried beak of a large bird, hard, horny and sharp.

I took them in my hand and looked curiously at them.

"Why's the size of that, sir, do you reckon?" said the old man, watching me attentively as I turned over the beak-shaped thing.

"Three or four inches across, by seven or eight from root to point."

"Right you are, sir—four by eight, that's it; not a nice thing to have buried in your flesh, and sucking you to pieces."

"Why, what is it? And all these?" and I took up the gray saucers.

"That's the creature's beak, and those are the things on his arms that he holds on by—sort of suction, you know, sir."

"By jove!" I exclaimed.

Somehow, until then, I had listened to the story without exactly believing it—a certain allowance for sailor exaggeration had lingered in my mind; but, as I held these relics, it suddenly flashed upon me what manner of creature it must have been in life, the dried remains of which were yet so terrible.

"When we had got the brute on board," said Hans, "I cut these off him. I doubt if them as didn't see him would believe the bigness of him if it weren't for them."

"I dare say not—I don't think I did," I answered, still staring at the horrid beak and strong, rough suckers, and realizing as I gazed the enormous power of the spider-like creature, with its eight gigantic arms covered with those dreadful instruments, and the cruel beak ready to tear and devour the prey caught in those innumerable toils.

"Well, Hans, you had an escape!" I said at last, as I gave back the relics.

"Indeed I had; and, if ever a man had cause to thank the Lord for saving him from a horrible death, I had that day when the devil-fish got hold of me;" and the old fellow reverently lifted his cap as he looked up to the deep blue sky above us.

* * * * * * *

While we were talking our "old man" had passed along the deck, and that evening, at dinner, he said to me:

"Was Hans telling you his devil-fish story this afternoon? I thought I heard a word or two as I passed."

"Yes, sir," I replied—"and a very queer story it is."

"But none the less a true one," said the captain. "I happened to come across the skipper he was sailing with a few months after he had told me the adventure. I don't generally take much heed of sailors' yarns, but he was so accurate in his description of the cave—I have been there twice myself—that it made me curious to know whether he had exaggerated the rest to make a good yarn, so I got the skipper to talk about it, and his account of the creature tallied exactly with Hans', and one of the Malays, who had killed it was present also, and bore him out. They did not know I had heard about it from Hans; so it was independent evidence, and proved the truth, or else I had my doubts, I'll own."

"So had I till I saw those remains, but the truer a thing is the stranger is it. What would people at home say to it?"

"I don't know, Roberts; but when you have knocked about these seas as long as I have, you will know that there are queerer things in them than any one could invent. Anyhow, there is no doubt that Hans story is true, and, though some going folks may doubt, you will not find it hard to be credited by any old sailor in the Indian ocean."

### *Some Ante-Nuptial Dangers.*

Bad spellers are sufficiently common in this country not to be in very great demand and occasionally to bring reproach on our common school system. No position, public or private, is wholly free from the person who misuses the orthography of the English language, and even the school teacher is often brought down by a sudden and well-directed shot. There is some excuse in cases of this kind, and a distinguished citizen in the consular service of his country may be lightly dealt with for his wretched way of spelling hearts, as his business is not particularly with hearts; but there are cases in which bad spelling is not only inexcusable, but where it has led to domestic trouble and unhappiness such as few other things could have instigated. It is a remarkable fact that no young lady has yet been heard of who came from school with any really valuable knowledge either of arithmetic or orthography, and particularly the latter. They bring home from expensive establishments a burdensome store of almost every other kind of learning, but they write letters and do shopping—the favorite diversions of young women—without knowing how to spell or cast up half a dozen figures.

A shortcoming of this character has brought a charming young lady of Illinois to grief. She had a lover who doted on her and prided himself on his learning. This young lady was one of the most beautiful and accomplished of the sex which is noted for its beauty. She had been to boarding school, and money had been lavished without stint on her education; she knew French and Latin and enough Greek to be actually classed with her literary tastes; she read only the very best books—not the kind which young ladies too much incline to, but those from which much learning was to be had. And all this seemed to be polishing the already polished diamond. Besides this, she was happy in possessing, to an eminent degree, all those accomplishments that make a young lady attractive in the society of the period. She was brilliant and witty in conversation, knowing exactly what to say and where to say it; she danced divinely, dressed like a princess, and bore herself with the grace and charm of a Juno. She was more than a lady, for she knew how to cook and once took the prize for the best loaf of bread at the county fair. In due time the young woman with all these splendid accomplishments made the usual preparations for throwing herself away on the young man who had monopolized the most of her time for a year or two. This innocent and confiding man little knew what a terrible calamity lay in wait for him. Business called him from home a few days while the wedding preparations were going on, and he wrote and she wrote, as young and enthusiastic lovers will do under such circumstances. In a little while the neighborhood was horrified to learn that the match was off. The wedding preparations ceased and all was solemn.

Then the young woman sought redress in court. Moved by that curiosity common to her sex, as well as to the other sex, she wanted to know why he declined to fulfil his promise. It was such a natural question that he was compelled to give his reasons, and did so without indirection by producing one of her glowing letters in which she described her happiness in view of the coming "nupshals," and incidentally referred to her "dimond" ring. The stony-hearted wretch declined to marry anybody who couldn't spell nuptials, especially within a month of her wedding day. The young lady brought her portfolio into court and emptied letters out where the light of the law could shine upon them. The first one read was in answer to her gush about the "nupshals," very brief and truly business-like. He wrote, "This marridge can never take place." She not only found out why, but she recovered damages. The judge was a humane man, and congratulated the young woman on her escape from a man who didn't know how to spell marriage within a month of his wedding day.

A BALD-HEADED BOY.—The Edenburg *Daily Herald* possesses a greater curiosity than any other printing house in the country—something, in fact, that has not been known before or since the days of Guttenberg. It is no less than a bald-headed devil of only ten years of age. About two years ago his hair commenced falling out, he being at the time in perfect health, and in a very short time his skull was as entirely free of hair as a billiard ball. His head is abnormally developed, but he does not suffer any inconvience therefrom. The *Herald* does not pretend to offer any explanation as to the cause of this phenomena. It may be that the immense brain effort required to conduct that paper has permeated the atmosphere of the office until it has exercised a mesmeric influence upon the devil himself and caused him to become bald before his time. The editor says he has now under consideration the project of using him as an advertising medium, dividing his head into squares, and contracting with advertisers for so much per inch, with the stipulation, of course, that he shall keep his head uncovered. Special contracts will be made with hair restorative agents and wig manufacturers.

AN ANCIENT SEWING MACHINE.—A patent for a sewing machine, made by Thos. Saint, in 1790, has recently been found in the archives of the English Patent Office, and has excited surprise in consequence of its having some of the elements of the modern sewing machine. This might have been used—though it was not—for sewing leather, but the inventor could have succeeded in woven fabrics. This was an Englishman's idea on paper; but the sewing machine has been the peculiar product of American mechanical genius. It is scarcely thirty years since Elias Howe, after two years of discouragement and starvation in London, returned to Boston to make a fortune of $2,000,000. American sewing machine companies certainly have a right to be jealous of the use of their names in England, and to be proud of their triumphs in the British Courts. The great equity suit of the Singer Manufacturing Company against Newton Wilson, involving the plaintiff's right to the exclusive use of its trade name, has just been decided, on appeal, by the House of Lords in favor of the company, costs being decreed against the defendants.

### THAT CALF.

To the yard, by the barn, came the farmer one morn,
And, calling the cattle, he said,
While they trembled with fright, "Now which of you last night
Shut the barn door, while I was abed?"
Each one of the flock shook his head.

Now the little calf, Spot, was down in the lot;
And the way the rest talked was a shame;
For no one, night before, saw her shut up the door,
But they said that she did all the same,
For they always made her take the blame.

Said the horse (dapple gray), "I was not up that way
Last night, as I now recollect;"
And the bull passing by, tossed his horns very high,
And said, "Let who may here object,
I say 'tis the calf I suspect!"

Then out spoke the cow: "It is terrible now
To accuse honest folks of such tricks,"
Said the cock in the tree, "I'm sure 'twasn't me!"
And the sheep all cried, "Ba-a!" (there were six),
Now that calf's got herself in a fix!"

"Why, of course we all know 'twas the wrong thing to do,"
Said the chickens. "Of course," said the cat;
"I suppose," cried the mule, "some folks think me a fool;
But I'm not quite so simple as that;
The poor calf never knows what she is at!"

Just that moment the calf, who was always the laugh
And the jest of the yard, came in sight.
"Did you shut my barn door?" asked the farmer once more.
"I did, I closed it last night,"
Said the calf; "and I thought that was right."

Then each one shook his head. "She will catch it," they said,
"Serve her right for her meddlesome way!"
Said the farmer, "Come here, little bossy, dear!
You have done what I cannot repay,
And your future is made from to-day.

"For a wonder, last night, I forgot the door quite;
And if you had not shut it so neat
All my colts had slipped in, and gone right to the bin,
And got what they ought not to eat—
They'd have foundered themselves upon wheat."

Then each hoof of them all began loudly to bawl;
The very mule smiled; the cock crew!
"Little Spotty, my dear, you're a favorite here,"
They cried: "We all said it was you,
We were so glad to give you your due,"
And the calf answered, knowingly, "Boo!"

### *Cure for Scarlet Fever.*

A REMEDY RECOMMENDED BY ONE WHO HAS TESTED ITS EFFICACY.

The recipe published herewith has appeared in our paper before, but as it comes this time with strong endorsements as to its efficacy, we deem it proper to reproduce the remedy as we find it in one of our exchanges with the testimony attached:

*Mr. Editor*—I have read with deep feelings of sympathy of the death of two children in one family, within a few hours of each other, by that dreadful scourge "scarlet fever," and also the notice signed "Citizen" in last evening's paper.

I don't know whether it is generally known or not, that a very simple remedy will certainly cure the worst case of scarlet fever. The cure is herein enclosed. If you feel like publishing it for the benefit of your readers you can do so.

The writer has never tried it in small-pox cases, but will vouch for it as sure cure in scarlet fever, having used it in his own family in 1854 on two children, one seven years old, the other ten. At the time mentioned (they are both alive now and can remember it) others were dying off in the same village at a fearful rate (Danville, Vermont.) I could not obtain the "digitalis" nearer than St. Johnsbury, twelve miles distant.

In the case of the youngest girl it eradicated the disease in twenty-four hours.

I have given the prescription to numbers of families, especially in 1857-8 in Little Falls, N. Y., when the disease was so very depopulating in that town. In one house, Mr. R. McClintock's, there were five down at one time. Four died. One I took in hand and was kept isolated in a private room in the same house, unknown to the attending physician. She got better in twenty-four hours. The other four died. I could give more cases. You can give my name to any one desiring it. PURIFUREA.

[From the Stockton (Cal.) Herald.]

I herewith append a recipe which has been used, to my knowledge, in hundreds of cases. It will prevent or cure the cow-pox, though the pittings are filling. When Jenner discovered cow-pox, in England, the world of science hurled an avalanche of fame upon his head, but when the most scientific school of medicine in the world—that of Paris—published this recipe, as a panacea for small-pox, it passed unheeded. It is as unfailing as fate, and conquers in every instance. It is harmless when taken by a well person. It will also cure scarlet fever. Here is the recipe as I have used it, and cured my children of scarlet fever, here it is as I have used it to cure the small-pox. When learned physicians said the patient must die, it cured:

Sulphate of zinc, 1 grain; foxglove (digitalis) 1 grain; half a teaspoonful of sugar. Mix with two teaspoonfuls of water; when thoroughly mixed add four ounces of water. Take a teaspoonful every hour. Either disease will disappear in twelve hours. For a child, smaller doses, according to age. If counties would compel physicians to use this, there would be no need of pest-houses. If you value advice and experience, use this for the terrible disease. H. G. C.

A HUMAN BODY AND THE HOUR OF DAY.—Seat yourself at a table. Attach a piece of metal (say a shilling) to a thread. Having your elbow on a table, hold the thread between the points of the thumb and forefinger and allow the shilling to hang in the center of a glass tumbler; the pulse will immediately cause the shilling to vibrate like a pendulum, and the vibrations will increase until it strikes the side of the glass; and suppose the time of the experiment be the hour of seven, or half past seven, the pendulum will strike the glass seven times, and then lose its momentum and return to the center. If you hold the thread a sufficient length of time the effect will be repeated; but not until a sufficient space of time has elapsed to convince you that the experiment is complete. We need not add that the thread must be held in a steady hand, otherwise the vibrating motion would be counteracted. At whatever hour of the day or night the experiment is made, the coincidence will be the same.

# Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

VOLUME XI. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 1878. NUMBER 49.



## Assignee's Sale.

BY virtue of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, to me directed, I will expose to sale by public vendue or outcry, on the premises, on

TUESDAY, JAN. 22, 1878,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

All that certain Piece or Parcel of Land

situate in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., described as follows: Beginning at a beech on Chest Creek; thence south 84 degrees, east 60 perches, to a large sugar; thence by land in name of Isaac Van Ass, south 2 degrees, east 158 perches, to a stone in wood; thence by land conveyed in name of Moses Cox, south 88 degrees, west about 129 perches, to Chest Creek; thence down Chest Creek, the several courses and distances thereof, to the place of beginning—containing about 100 Acres, about 40 Acres cleared, having thereon erected a two story PLANK HOUSE, a one-and-a-half story PLANK HOUSE, and a STABLE.

ENCUMBRANCES.—I am also directed in said order of Court to offer said property for sale reserving a right of way for pipe, &c., conveyed by deed to Herman Haupt, and if a sufficient price be bid over debts of record, then make report of such sale. If a sufficient price to cover said debts be not bid, then he is ordered to offer the same without reservations.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of the sale, one-third in one year thereafter, and the balance in two years thereafter. Payments deferred to bear interest from the confirmation of the sale, and to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser. JOHN WAGNER,

Assignee of Charles A. McMullen.

Jan. 4, 1878.

## Administrators' Sale of Real Estate!

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, the subscribers will offer at sale, on the premises in Cambria township, on

TUESDAY, JANUARY 22d, 1878,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, known as the HALFWAY HOUSE, of which Clement Fresh died seized, to wit:

All that certain Piece or Parcel of Land

situate in said township, along the Ebensburg and Carrolltown plank road, adjoining land of Edward Thomas, Robert Edwards, David Abrams, et. al., containing one hundred and three acres and one-half Acres, in a good state of cultivation, with a fine orchard, an abundance of good timber, pure water, etc., on the premises. The improvements consist of a two story frame building, well suited for a farm house or public house, and other outbuildings, all in a good state of repair. The above property is convenient to school and church.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third on confirmation of the sale and the balance in three equal annual payments to be secured by mortgage and bond of the purchaser with interest from date. The administrator of one-third to bear interest and to be paid to her annually during her lifetime, the same to be and remain a lien on said property.

CATHARINE FRESH,
JOHN W. SHARBAUGH,
Administrators of Clement Fresh, dec'd.

December 21, 1877.-4t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—On Dec. 12, 1877, on motion of A. V. BARKER, Esq., the Orphans' Court of Cambria county appointed the undersigned Auditor to report distribution of the fund in the hands of CHARLES ROSS, Esq., arising from the real estate of LEWIS RUSSELL, deceased, as shown by his second and final account, to and amongst the parties entitled to receive the same. Notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of said appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on FRIDAY, the 25th day of January, 1878, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where all parties interested must present their claims or be debarred from coming in on said fund.

GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.

Ebensburg Dec. 29, 1877. 3t.*

AUDITOR'S NOTICE!—Having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to report distribution of the funds in the hands of Jacob Hoover, executor of the estate of Joseph Hoover, late of Susquehanna township, deceased, to and among the parties entitled thereto, notice is hereby given to all parties interested that I will attend to the duties of said appointment at my office in Ebensburg, on Tuesday, January 15th, 1878, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where all parties interested may attend if they see proper.

M. E. BUCKLEY, Auditor.

December 21, 1877.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned having been appointed an Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to distribute the funds of W. H. Seechler, Esq., executor of Abigail Slick, deceased, as shown by his account confirmed absolutely Dec. 10th, 1877, to and amongst those entitled to receive the same hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on Friday, the 25th day of January next at 10 o'clock, a. m., to attend to the duties of said appointment, when and where all persons interested may attend if they see proper.

J. G. LAKE, Auditor

Dec. 28, 1877.-3t.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Whereas Paul Ellwanger and Regina Ellwanger, his wife, of the borough of Carrolltown, Cambria county, have made an assignment to me of their real and personal estate for the benefit of their creditors, those indebted to said Paul and Regina Ellwanger are requested to make payment, and those having claims against them will present them to me for settlement.

JACOB YEAGLEY, Assignee, &c.

Carrolltown, Jan. 4, 1878.-6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of JOHN HAMMAN, dec'd.

Letters of administration on the estate of said decedent, late of Juniata county, have been granted to the undersigned, who hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

ADAM HAMMAN, Administrator.

Allegheny Twp., Dec. 21, 1877-6t.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

Estate of JAMES DOYLE, dec'd.

Letters of Administration on the estate of Jas. Doyle, late of Altoona, Blair county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to J. G. Lake, residing at Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

J. G. LAKE, Administrator.

Dec. 6, 1877.-6t.*

STRAY HORSE.—Came to the premises of the subscriber, in Cambria township, on the evening of the 27th of December last, a large bay horse, about sixteen hands high and seven or eight years old. No marks visible. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away, otherwise he will be disposed of according to law.

THOMAS HOOVER.

Cambria Twp., Jan. 4, 1878. 3t.

NOTICE.—All persons are hereby cautioned against harboring or trusting on my account my son JOHN GRAFF, aged between 17 and 18 years, who has left home without just cause or provocation, as I am determined to pay no debts he may contract unless compelled to do so by law. SEBASTIAN GRAFF.

Blair Twp., Dec. 21, 1877.-3t.*

ESTRAY.—Came to the premises of the subscriber in Gallitzin township, on the first day of November last, a red heifer, about two years old. The owner is hereby notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away, otherwise she will be sold as the law directs. JAMES McCLOSKEY.

December 21, 1877.-3t.

OFFICE OF THE PROTECTION MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF CAMBRIA COUNTY.—Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting for the election of Directors, will be held at said office, on MONDAY, January 14, 1878, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

T. W. DICK, Secretary.

January 2, 1878. 2t.

A. M. KEIM, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Ebensburg, Pa. Office recently occupied by Dr. J. J. Oatman, two doors west of Blair House, High st., where night calls may be made. Consultations in German as well as English. [9-8,77.-tf.]


### BACK ON HIS ENGINE AGAIN.

JOHN D. MISSIMER.

"Whizzing along a mile in a minute
And getting all out that ever was in it!"
Was the song of the fast express and mail
As it thundered along the iron rail.
Away through cuts, then out in the light—
And then through tunnels black as night;
Switches, bridges, levels long,
Singing a wild, fantastic song,
That clattered and rattled along the track,
While the engine threw the echoes back
And screamed through the green and waving trees,
A loud, shrill whistle on the breeze!
And thus the train, with its precious load,
A mile a minute went down the road.

Tommy Malone was the engineer,
Who watched the puffing loud and clear.
"Aha! old thunderer, brave and true!
The same old motion still with you!
The same old stroke and giant stride
When months ago I quit your side!"
And he gave it another "notch," did he,
And pulled the throttle just to see
The iron giant turn its wheels,
As if old Satan at its heels
Had joined the clamor and clang of song,
That wafted in fury the train along!

A mile a minute and more they went,
To beat the fastest train they meant;
"Give her another shovel or two!"
Spoke Tom to his fireman, Jem Larue,
The furnace roared as the coal went in,
And the lurid sparks above the din
Were whirled away like a comet's tail
As the fast mail whizzed along the rail
And sang its song in its wild flight down,
A mile a minute to the town.
"A mile in a minute, a mile in a minute,
Getting all out that ever was in it!"

They rattled along at lightning speed,
And Tom on top of his iron steed
Felt happy, as one who death had passed;
Glad as a wanderer home at last!
From under his cap-rim, snug and tight,
He peered ahead and all was right;
Then petted and smiled on the "No. One"—
The engine he left when the strike came on—
"Brave girl, we're together again, all right!
And never to part in a senseless fight;
Never to leave with the ill-advised,
But stick to you and the dearly prized
At home, the wife and the children three,
Who trust in God, in you and me!"
And away they thundered down the road,
A mile in a minute the speed they showed,
And the passengers smiled in their own good cheer;
They knew that the brave young engineer
Was back at his post, and at lightning speed
Was petting his engine, in his creed
"To get all out that ever was in it,"
As they thundered down "A mile in a minute,
A mile in a minute, a mile in a minute."

### THE DEVIL-FISH.

A TRUE STORY OF THE INDIAN OCEAN.

"Hans, did you ever see an octopus?"

"Not that I know of. I never heard tell on them, as I can mind. Queer sort of name, isn't it, sir?"

We were lying at anchor off Batavia, after a longer trip than usual, and I was reading some copies of the *Times* which had been sent out from home during our absence, and had accumulated to a good heap while we were away. Of course the newest papers were looked at first, so it was only on this afternoon, when my work was done and the sun too hot for us to go ashore, that I had come upon the discussion concerning the existence or non-existence of the "octopus" which had appeared in the columns of the *Times* some months before.

Hans was a weather-beaten old sailor, a Dutchman by birth, who had been in the ship much longer than I had, and was known for as steady a hand as a man need wish to have under him. There was no shirking at the wheel when he was there—no need to be watching him every minute to see that the vessel was not easing from her course, or luffing up the wind and liable to be taken aback as I found was necessary with some of the men, who would have had her on a reef and a hole through her bottom rather than take the trouble to keep her up and do their work as they ought. There was not an officer who did not think himself in luck when old Hans was at the wheel during his watch, nor a man on board but liked and respected the rough but kind hearted old tar.

"Well," I replied, "that is the scientific name; I dare say we should find them something else. But I'll see if I can find any description of the creature," and I turned over some other numbers of the newspaper as I continued—"The doubt seems to be about their size not their existence."

"There's bigger things in the sea than people thinks on as hasn't seen them," replied Hans seriously, as he shifted his pipe from one side of his mouth to the other, and leaned a little farther over the bulwarks watching the clear water which lay beneath us in the wonderful transparency which belongs to the Indian ocean.

"Ah! here's the account of it! A sort of devil fish, I fancy. But how about a devil fish being enough to kill a man first and eat him afterward?"

"Is it devil fish they mean by that queer name?" asked Hans, lifting himself up.

"I think so. Listen to what they say;" and I read out the description.

"That's him," said Hans, who had listened attentively—"there a'n't no doubt; but why doesn't they call things by their right names? People would know what they was talking about then. I told you I'd never seen one, didn't I, sir?"

"Yes," I replied.

"But I have, and the Lord grant I may never see another."

And there was not the smallest doubt that Hans meant what he said from the very bottom of his heart. It was impossible to mistake the earnestness of his words; and, besides, he was in general a very reverend, God-fearing man, never using words which he had better have left alone nor making a joke of religion.

I saw at once that there must be a yarn worth hearing, but Hans was very unwilling to tell it.

"I go all of a crawl when I think of it even now, and it's eight years since it happened."

"Never mind that," I urged; "it can't hurt you now, you know; and when people in England are disputing about the size of the creature, it's worth something to hear a story from a fellow who has seen one."

"Seen it? Ah, and felt it, too!" and Hans drew himself together with a shudder.

"Felt it? By Jove, you ought to know the rights of it, then."

"None better. Look here, sir," he continued, "if you wants the yarn you shall have it, but I a'n't fond of telling it to anybody. There's been some as doubted whether it were all true, and, when a chap has had as close a shave as I had, somehow it goes agen him to have folks disbelieve what pretty nigh cost him his life."

"I quite understand that, Hans; but you've never told me an untruth yet and I don't believe you're going to begin now."

"Thank you, sir," said the old fellow, looking pleased. "Well, if you'll wait a minute I'll tell you all, just as it happened."

He rolled away across the deck, and went below, but soon came up again with a leather bag in his hand. I had seen it before and knew he kept his treasures in it, so I put aside my newspapers and settled to a comfortable smoke while listening to the story which Hans told, as follows:

"Some few years ago—it was about '63, I reckon—there was a very bad time out in these parts. I don't know how it happened—though perhaps you do, sir—but trade seemed altogether at a standstill. Some firms sent their men adrift and laid up their ships, for it was no good fetching things when there was nobody to buy them when they was fetched; others held on and did a little bit here and a little bit there, pottering in and out among the islands for a log or two of mahogany or sandal wood, or a bird's nest, or whatever came handy. But there was nothing doing to speak of, and the town was as full as it could hold of men that had much better been afloat.

"I was sent adrift early. I was not sailing for this firm then, and, as I was pretty well off when I got ashore, I didn't trouble myself for a few weeks, for I'd chanced on a boarding-house where the grub was good and they made me comfortable, but as time went on, and there came no chance of work, I didn't like it, and what was more, the missus at the boarding-house didn't like it either. She had need to be sharp with such a set of beech combers as was about then, and I'm not blaming her for when the money goes the welcome goes with it, all the world over—and mine had nearly come to an end, and my berth wasn't what it used to be. I stirred about to see what work I could find, but there was nothing in my line. Owners were afraid to risk their money, and a good many had hard work to keep on at all, and I could not hear anything moving in the way I was used to. But after a while I was told of a small craft that was going out to pick up a cargo for the China market—nests, sharks, cuttish, anything they could lay hands on; and, though I didn't half fancy the lot on board, I got shipped and went with her.

"The skipper was a native, and we'd two chaps that it was all I could do to put up with—Europeans they were too, but I'm blest if they hadn't turned Mahometans; and to see them a bowing and a scraping to the prophet, and carrying on their games about Mecca, and all that bosh, it were enough to turn a fellow sick, and them born Christians, too. However, I kept a quiet tongue and said nothing, though it would have done me good a score of times to tell them a bit of my mind. At the fishing grounds we had very fair luck, and got a tidy lot of sharks besides."

"What did you get them for?" I asked.

"Bless you, sir, them Chinamen will eat anything. The nastier it is the better they like it. Dried shark and pickled fins fetch lots of money out there. But of course the nests was what we looked to make profit by; and the skipper took a run for the island. But he hadn't any luck to speak of, till he got a private word from a Singapore boat of a cave in one of the islands, that ships did not often go near; not knowing there was anything to go for. We should never have heard of it, only the skipper, being a Singapore man himself, got the hint from his friends.

"It was a pretty place when we reached it, that island was, or, more properly speaking, there was two, and we dropped anchor between them in what looked like a bay, though there was a narrow passage right up at the far end.

"There were lots of swallows flying about, but where to find the cave and their nests bothered us altogether. We looked far about from the sea, and then went ashore and worked along the cliffs, and wherever there was a dark place one of the Cingalese went over to search; but not an opening could we find, and the skipper got wild to see the birds, and know there was a prize close by and not able to find it, and after a day or two he offered twenty dollars to any one who could discover the entrance.

"The ship was anchored and there was nothing doing, except that the divers were after pearl oyster and coral, or whatever they could find underneath; so we men used to go prospecting, and one day I got leave and took a little bamboo boat—we'd a lot of 'em aboard, packed one inside the other—and went off to see what I could do. I rowed right up the bay to the end, and found a narrow little bit of water that took a turn round a steep rock and then brought me into wide water again. I hadn't gone far in it when a chap hailed me from the shore, so I ran in and found he was one of those Germans who spend all their time getting birds and beasts, and flowers and insects. There's lots of 'em about the island, sir; and they go pretty nigh off their heads if you show them a beetle that is out of the common, no matter how ugly the brute may be. I never could see no reason in such goings on; but I had not noticed before that they are wonderful soft about telling things that other people would want to keep to themselves—same as they are wild to get hold of what we should be glad to let alone; so, after we had had a little chat, I asked him if he'd dropped across any caves or openings about there.

"'Oh, yes,' he says quite willing. 'There's a large one not far off. I passed it only last night, and should have gone in, only I hadn't got my gun, and there was something queer looking out of it; but I shall be round there again soon.'

"'Shall you?' thinks I. 'Then I'll just go and look round first.'

"He told me where it was, and away I went, thinking I was sure of the twenty dollars reward.

"The opening was not a large one, but as soon as I ran the boat inside I could see that it was a big place, and no mistake about it being the one we wanted. There were nests stuck on the walls and nests hanging from the roof, and before I began knocking these down I stopped to think whether it would be safe to keep it all dark, and make a venture myself when we got back again to Batavia—for those nests fetch a lot of money, you know, sir. It was very tempting, but it was not very safe; so I made up my mind to let it out, and began knocking down nests with my pushing pole. It was not a very long one though, and the cave was high; so I did not trouble myself to get more than just enough to show the skipper that it was all right; and then, feeling hot and tired, I sat down in the boat and looked about me.

"It was a real pretty sight; the sides of the cave were covered with some hard, shining shells that looked like glaze, and the way all sorts of different colors shone about on it was wonderful—it puzzled me to tell where they all came from; but there wasn't one you could mention but was shimmering and shining in that cave the same as they do in a mackerel's sides when it's took out of the water.

"The sea was as still as a pond, but very deep—for there was no seeing to the bottom even in that clear water; but it looked so cool and pleasant that I thought I'd take off my clothes and give them a rub, for they were not very clean. There was a ledge of rock on one side, something like a shelf; toward the entrance it got very narrow and came to nothing. The other way it became wider, and led to the back of the cave, where there was a sort of beach which ran up farther than I could see—for it was darkish there, being a long way from the opening.

"I got out on to this ledge and stripped, and soon had my things washed nice and clean. Then I thought I would take a swim; so in I went, splashing and diving, and carrying on like a child. It was very good fun, sir, that were, but it weren't fun when I came up again and looked about me—for my boat that I'd left fastened to the ledge was gone—gone clean out of sight, as if it had never been there at all. It made me feel a bit queer, and I rubbed the water out of my eyes, thinking I must have got blinded like; but no—look as I would, there was no boat, and nothing to show where she'd gone.

"It takes a long while telling, sir, but it wasn't ten seconds after I was out of the water before I was down by the stretcher I'd jammed into a crack of the rock—and I weren't none too soon, for the rope was just slipping off the end when I fished it, the stretcher itself being all bent down on one side, though I'd put it upright when I got out of the boat. There was no doubt now where she'd gone; she'd gone down and I began hauling in my rope, bothering all the while what she'd gone down for—and I'd plenty of time to think about it, for, haul as I would, the boat never stirred. There she was, hard and fast, and I might as well have been pulling against the living rock for all the good it did.

"It was not exactly a comfortable fix to be left in that cave without the chance of getting out again; and when I found I could not stir the boat I began to think I might have to stay there a goodish while, for, though some of the crew would be sure to find it, or the German to look around in a day or two, I didn't make up my mind to waiting for them till I saw there was no chance of getting out any other way. Just behind where I stood the waves had made what we call a wind-hole, but it wasn't so wide as a common chimney, and it would take a longish jump to get to it, and no good then, for it narrowed at the top till you could only just see the light coming through. I was looking round, thinking I'd fasten the rope safe, and then go up to the beach end, when I felt a jerk, and before I could pull up came the boat again close to my feet.

"'You're come as you went,' says I, 'but now I'll keep you safe;' and I stooped down to lay hold of her, when there happened the awfulest thing I ever heard or dreamed of. Straight up out of the water, not three feet away from me, rose two great dripping arms. There was never a splash, never a bit of noise, but for the drops of water falling back again into the sea, but higher and higher those awful things came up out of the water, a clear eight feet, and then they turned themselves and bent toward me. I gave a yell and jumped back, for they seemed as if they'd almost touch me. I was scared out of my senses with terror; and, instead of turning to the right, which would have led me to a broad ledge, and so on up to the beach, I sprang to the left, and there I was standing on a bit of a shelf, the rock behind me slippery as glass, and straight below me the still, green water, looking as beautiful as you could fancy, and those two horrible arms waving and creeping nearer and nearer.

"If once they touched me, I was a dead man—I knew that well enough. I don't think I should have been scared to die if it came straightforward, by drowning or any regular seaman's chance; but to be drawn into the water by those horrible clammy arms, and pecked to pieces almost before I was dead by the creature they belonged to—it took the heart out of me, sir, I don't deny. I kept backing close against the rock, edging away as far as ever I could, when up came the beast itself, and I could see his cruel beak and the frightful look of him as he put his arms closer toward me. With another scream—for I was off my head with fright—I turned and made a spring at the wind hole. How ever I reached it I don't know; but it was my only chance, and somehow I hit it. Up I went, sweep fashion, but I could not get far, it was too narrow, and, squeeze and push as I might, I could not get on.

"Even so far above me I could see the sky through the opening at the top of the hole, and some bits of grass and leaf waving about against the light, ever so pretty. I wasn't thinking of such things, but I took notice of them for all that, and can see them now, if I shut my eyes, just as they were growing then, when I did not think I should ever see the sky or grass again.

"I suppose I had been in that hole about ten minutes, for I'd done all I knew to get on, and gave it up as a bad job, and was thinking that if I was out of the creature's way I might stick there a good bit, and then perhaps drop and make a run for it at the far end of the cave. But it was a desperate chance, sir, for those beasts don't give up a thing when once they have set themselves to get it. They will stop and wait as patient as you like, but you don't tire them, and they'll stop and watch till you go down before them, sheer wore out and beat.

"I was thinking of this when something cold, soft and sticky touched my foot. For a moment I did not think what it was; but it came slowly crawling above my ankle, then another cold, soft, sticky thing got round the other side and climbed above my knee and clung to me tight—as death. And then I knew that the creature had got hold of me at last, and the horrible arms were clinging and sucking at my leg!

"I screamed then, sir. How I did scream and how I tried to kick them off and get my leg free! I might just as well have tried to kick off my skin; close as my skin they stuck to me, and swayed as I kicked, always loose and easy but still with a steady pull toward the sea. They did not drag hard; the creature seemed in no hurry—he knew he'd got it all his own way, and was willing to take his time. But, though the drag was not powerful, it never loosened the strain, and I had to cling to the rock and get my elbows on a ledge and bear against it.

"How long I stayed there I don't know—it seemed hours and hours, but it couldn't have been long, not many minutes, I suppose—and all the time I was screaming as a woman might have done for the horror of it, when the light at the top of the hole and the sky and the waving grass were shut out, and I was all in the dark.

"'Halloa! Who's there?' hailed a voice, and then I knew our skipper was up aloft and help near.

"I told him as well as I could, for I was pretty nigh beat, and the creature was pulling now with a harder strain.

"'Caught by a devil fish,' shouted the skipper to his men, and his voice came to me as from a long way off. 'Hold on to him!' he cried to me, putting his mouth to the hole. 'Don't let him go—we'll be down in a minute.'

"And so they were, for the Cingalese took a dive from the top and were up at the entrance of the cave almost before he had done speaking. The others weren't long after 'em—they were round in the whale-boat pretty quick; and never a sound did I hear like the music of the beat of their oars that brought me health and life. But then Cingalese and Malay fellows were afraid to tackle the brute, though it takes a lot to frighten those divers, they being accustomed to queer things under water; but when they saw what had got me, not one of them would venture into the cave. They harpooned him at last—got one from the whale-boat—and then cut him up with creases and swords."

"It was lucky for you that help was near," I remarked, as he paused.

"You may say that, sir; but it has always seemed to me something more than just luck."

"You are right, Hans. But how was it that they were on the cliff just then."

"They'd gone prospecting for the new cave just as I had, and had come to the wind-hole as they worked along the top of the rocks. The skipper was for one of the men trying to get down it, but they said it was no use, and while they were talking they heard me scream."

"So that was the end of the octopus—he was cut up by the divers."

"Yes, sir—cut up and taken to the China market with the other things, and the skipper gave me half what he sold for, so with that and the twenty dollors for finding the cave, the trip turned out pretty well for me. Can you guess his weight, sir?"—and Hans looked at me inquiringly.

"No," I said. "What was it?"

"Four hundred weight, or rather over," replied the old man slowly, as he untied the leather bag, which all this time he had been holding. "Look at these, sir," he continued, as he took out three or four brownish gray things, rather like small tea-saucers in shape, and measuring three inches in diameter, and then another looking like the dried beak of a large bird, hard, horny and sharp.

I took them in my hand and looked curiously at them.

"What's the size of that, sir, do you reckon?" said the old man, watching me attentively as I turned over the beak-shaped thing.

"Three or four inches across, by seven or eight from root to point."

"Right you are, sir—four by eight, that's it; not a nice thing to have buried in your flesh, and sucking you to pieces."

"Why, what is it? And all these?" and I took up the gray saucers.

"That's the creature's beak, and those are the things on his arms that he holds on by—sort of sucktion, you know, sir."

"By jove!" I exclaimed.

Somehow, until then, I had listened to the story without exactly believing it—a certain allowance for sailor exaggeration had lingered in my mind; but, as I held these relics, it suddenly flashed upon me what manner of creature it must have been in life, the dried remains of which were yet so terrible.

"When we had got the brute on board," said Hans, "I cut these off him. I doubt if them as didn't see him would believe the bigness of him if it weren't for them."

"I dare say not—I don't think I did," I answered, still staring at the horrid beak and strong, rough suckers, and realizing as I gazed the enormous power of the spider-like creature, with its eight gigantic arms covered with those dreadful instruments, and the cruel beak ready to tear and devour the prey caught in those innumerable toils.

"Well, Hans, you had an escape!" I said at last, as I gave back the relics.

"Indeed I had; and, if ever a man had cause to thank the Lord for saving him from a horrible death, I had that day when the devil-fish got hold of me;" and the old fellow reverently lifted his cap as he looked up to the deep blue sky above us.

* * * * * * *

While we were talking our "old man" had passed along the deck, and that evening, at dinner, he said to me:

"Was Hans telling you his devil-fish story this afternoon? I thought I heard a word or two as I passed."

"Yes, sir," I replied—"and a very queer story it is."

"But none the less a true one," said the captain. "I happened to come across the skipper he was sailing with a few months after he had told me the adventure. I don't generally take much heed of sailors' yarns, but he was so accurate in his description of the cave—I have been there twice myself—that it made me curious to know whether he had exaggerated the rest to make a good yarn, so I got the skipper to talk about it, and his account of the creature tallied exactly with Hans', and one of the Malays, who had killed it was present also, and bore him out. They did not know I had heard about it from Hans; so it was independent evidence, and proved the truth, or else I had my doubts, I'll own."

"So had I till I saw those remains, but the truer a thing is the stranger is it. What would people at home say to it?"

"I don't know, Roberts; but when you have knocked about these seas as long as I have, you will know that there are queerer things in them than any one could invent. Anyhow, there is no doubt that Hans' story is true, and, though some going folks may doubt, you will not find it hard to be credited by any old sailor in the Indian ocean."

### *Some Ante-Nuptial Dangers.*

Bad spellers are sufficiently common in this country not to be in very great demand and occasionally to bring reproach on our common school system. No position, public or private, is wholly free from the person who misuses the orthography of the English language, and even the school teacher is often brought down by a sudden and well-directed shot. There is some excuse in cases of this kind, and a distinguished citizen in the consular service of his country may be lightly dealt with for his wretched way of spelling hearts, as his business is not particularly with hearts; but there are cases in which bad spelling is not only inexcusable, but where it has led to domestic trouble and unhappiness such as few other things could have instigated. It is a remarkable fact that no young lady has yet been heard of who came from school with any really valuable knowledge either of arithmetic or orthography, and particularly the latter. They bring home from expensive establishments a burdensome store of almost every other kind of learning, but they write letters and do shopping—the favorite diversions of young women—without knowing how to spell or cast up half a dozen figures.

A shortcoming of this character has brought a charming young lady of Illinois to grief. She had a lover who doted on her and prided himself on his learning. This young lady was one of the most beautiful and accomplished of the sex which is noted for its beauty. She had been to boarding school, and money had been lavished without stint on her education; she knew French and Latin and enough Greek to be actually classed with her literary tastes; she read only the very best books—not the kind which young ladies too much incline to, but those from which much learning was to be had. And all this seemed to be polishing the already polished diamond. Besides this, she was happy in possessing, to an eminent degree, all those accomplishments that make a young lady attractive in the society of the period. She was brilliant and witty in conversation, knowing exactly what to say and where to say it; she danced divinely, dressed like a princess, and bore herself with the grace and charm of a Juno. She was more than a lady, for she knew how to cook and once took the prize for the best loaf of bread at the county fair. In due time the young woman with all these splendid accomplishments made the usual preparations for throwing herself away on the young man who had monopolized the most of her time for a year or two. This innocent and confiding man little knew what a terrible calamity lay in wait for him. Business called him from home a few days while the wedding preparations were going on, and he wrote and she wrote, as young and enthusiastic lovers will do under such circumstances. In a little while the neighborhood was horrified to learn that the match was off. The wedding preparations ceased and all was solemn.

Then the young woman sought redress in court. Moved by that curiosity common to her sex, as well as to the other sex, she wanted to know why he declined to fulfil his promise. It was such a natural question that he was compelled to give his reasons, and did so without indirection by producing one of her glowing letters in which she described her happiness in view of the coming "nupshals," and incidentally referred to her "dimond" ring. The stony-hearted wretch declined to marry anybody who couldn't spell nuptials, especially within a month of her wedding day. The young lady brought her portfolio into court and emptied letters out where the light of the law could shine upon them. The first one read was in answer to her gush about the "nupshals," very brief and truly business-like. He wrote, "This marridge can never take place." She not only found out why, but she recovered damages. The judge was a humane man, and congratulated the young woman on her escape from a man who didn't know how to spell marriage within a month of his wedding day.

A BALD-HEADED BOY.—The Edenburg *Daily Herald* possesses a greater curiosity than any other printing house in the country—something, in fact, that has not been known before or since the days of Guttenberg. It is no less than a bald-headed devil of only ten years of age. About two years ago his hair commenced falling out, he being at the time in perfect health, and in a very short time his skull was as entirely free of hair as a billiard ball. His head is abnormally developed, but he does not suffer any inconvience therefrom. The *Herald* does not pre end to offer any explanation as to the cause of this phenomena. It may be that the immense brain effort required to conduct that paper has permeated the atmosphere of the office until it has exerted a mesmeric influence upon the devil himself and caused him to become bald before his time. The editor says he has now under consideration the project of using him as an advertising medium, dividing his head into squares, and contracting with advertisers for so much per inch, with the stipulation, of course, that he shall keep his head uncovered. Special contracts will be made with hair restorative agents and wig manufacturers.

AN ANCIENT SEWING MACHINE.—A patent for a sewing machine, made by Thos. Saint, in 1790, has recently been found in the archives of the English Patent Office, and has excited surprise in consequence of its having some of the elements of the modern sewing machine. This might have been used—though it was not—for sewing leather, but the inventor could have succeeded in woven fabrics. This was an Englishman's idea on paper; but the sewing machine has been the peculiar product of American mechanical genius. It is scarcely thirty years since Elias Howe, after two years of discouragement and starvation in London, returned to Boston to make a fortune of $2,000,000. American sewing machine companies certainly have a right to be jealous of the use of their names in England, and to be proud of their triumphs in the British Courts. The great equity suit of the Singer Manufacturing Company against Newton Wilson, involving the plaintiff's right to the exclusive use of its trade name, has just been decided, on appeal, by the House of Lords in favor of the company, costs being decreed against the defendants.

### THAT CALF.

To the yard, by the barn, came the farmer one morn,
And, calling the cattle, he said,
While they trembled with fright, "Now which of you lad last night
Shut the barn door, while I was abed?"
Each one of the flock shook his head.

Now the little calf, Spot, was down in the lot;
And the way the rest talked was a shame;
For no one, night before, saw her shut up the door,
But they said that she did all the same,
For they always made her take the blame.

Said the horse (dapple gray), "I was not up that way
Last night, as I now recollect;"
And the bull passing by, tossed his horns very high,
And said, "Let who may here object,
I say 'tis the calf I suspect!"

Then out spoke the cow: "It is terrible now
To accuse honest folks of such tricks."
Said the cock in the tree, "I'm sure 'twasn't me!"
And the sheep all cried, "Ba-a!" (there were six),
Now that calf's got herself in a fix!"

"Why, of course we all know 'twas the wrong thing to do,"
Said the chickens. "Of course," said the cat;
"I suppose," cried the mule, "some folks think me a fool;
But I'm not quite so simple as that;
The poor calf never knows what she is at!"

Just that moment the calf, who was always the laugh
And the jest of the yard, came in sight.
"Did you shut my barn door?" asked the farmer once more.
"I did, I closed it last night,"
Said the calf; "and I thought that was right."

Then each one shook his head. "She will catch it," they said,
"Serve her right for her meddlesome way!"
Said the farmer, "Come here, little bossy, dear!
You have done what I cannot repay,
And your future is made from to-day.

"For a wonder, last night, I forgot the door quite;
And if you had not shut it so neat
All my colts had slipped in, and gone right to the bin,
And got what they ought not to eat—
They'd have foundered themselves upon wheat."

Then each hoof of them all began loudly to bawl;
The very mule smiled; the cock crew!
"Little Spotty, my dear, you're a favorite here,"
They cried; "We all said it was you,
We were so glad to give you your due,"
And the calf answered, knowingly, "Boo!"

### *Cure for Scarlet Fever.*

A REMEDY RECOMMENDED BY ONE WHO HAS TESTED ITS EFFICACY.

The recipe published herewith has appeared in our paper before, but as it comes this time with strong endorsements as to its efficacy, we deem it proper to reproduce the remedy as we find it in one of our exchanges with the testimony attached:

*Mr. Editor*—I have read with deep feelings of sympathy of the death of two children in one family, within a few hours of each other, by that dreadful scourge "scarlet fever," and also the notice signed "Citizen" in last evening's paper.

I don't know whether it is generally known or not, that a very simple remedy will certainly cure the worst case of scarlet fever. The cure is herein enclosed. If you feel like publishing it for the benefit of your readers you can do so.

The writer has never tried it in small-pox cases, but will vouch for it as sure cure in scarlet fever, having used it in his own family in 1854 on two children, one seven years old, the other ten. At the time mentioned (they are both alive now and can remember it) others were dying off in the same village at a fearful rate (Danville, Vermont.) I could not obtain the "digitalis" nearer than St. Johnsbury, twelve miles distant.

In the case of the youngest girl it eradicated the disease in twenty-four hours.

I have given the prescription to numbers of families, especially in 1857-8 in Little Falls, N. Y., when the disease was so very depopulating in that town. In one house, Mr. B. McClintock's, there were five down at one time. Four died. One I took in hand and was kept isolated in a private room in the same house, unknown to the attending physician. She got better in twenty-four hours. The other four died. I could give more cases. You can give my name to any one desiring it. PURPUREA.

[From the Stockton (Cal.) Herald.]

I here with append a recipe which has been used, to my knowledge, in hundreds of cases. It will prevent or cure the cow-pox, though the pittings are filling. When Jenner discovered cow-pox, in England, the world of science hurled an avalanche of fame upon his head, but when the most scientific school of medicine in the world—that of Paris—published this recipe, as a panacea for small-pox, it passed unheeded. It is as unfailing as fate, and conquers in every instance. It is harmless when taken by a well person. It will also cure scarlet fever. Here is the recipe as I have used it, and cured my children of scarlet fever, here it is as I have used it to cure the small-pox. When learned physicians said the patient must die, it cured:

Sulphate of zinc, 1 grain; foxglove (digitalis) 1 grain; half a teaspoonful of sugar. Mix with two teaspoonfuls of water; when thoroughly mixed add four ounces of water. Take a teaspoonful every hour. Either disease will disappear in twelve hours. For a child, smaller doses, according to age. If counties would compel physicians to use this, there would be no need of pest-houses. If you value advice and experience, use this for the terrible disease. H. G. C.

A HUMAN BODY AND THE HOUR OF DAY.—Seat yourself at a table. Attach a piece of metal (say a shilling) to a thread. Having your elbow on a table, hold the thread between the points of the thumb and forefinger and allow the shilling to hang in the center of a glass tumbler; the pulse will immediately cause the shilling to vibrate like a pendulum, and the vibrations will increase until it strikes the side of the glass; and suppose the time of the experiment be the hour of seven, or half past seven, the pendulum will strike the glass seven times, and then lose its momentum and return to the center. If you hold the thread a sufficient length of time the effect will be repeated; but not until a sufficient space of time has elapsed to convince you that the experiment is complete. We need not add that the thread must be held in a steady hand, otherwise the vibrating motion would be counteracted. At whatever hour of the day or night the experiment is made, the coincidence will be the same.

# THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - JANY 11, 1878.


A BILL for the re-enactment of the Local Option law has been introduced in the House of Representatives at Harrisburg. It provides for the first election, to accept or refuse its provisions, in February, 1879, and every two years thereafter.

THE Philadelphia *Daily Record* is an eight column paper, one size larger than the FREEMAN, and is printed in small type. It contains the very latest and most reliable news, both foreign and domestic, together with the fullest local intelligence. Any man who would read a number of the *Record* without knowing its price would scarcely believe that it is sold for one *cent* per copy; but such is the fact, and as a result its daily circulation has reached *thirty-six thousand*. It is a marvel how so much reading can be furnished at so trifling a sum, and affords a remarkable instance of the success of a good newspaper furnished at the lowest possible price.

THE reputation of the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, whose prospectus for 1878 we publish this week, as an ably conducted and enterprising newspaper is so well established that anything we could say in its behalf would not enhance it. It is a first-class journal, and receives, as it well deserves, a most generous support. The *Dispatch* is one of the few Republican papers in this State that supports the judicious and liberal policy of Mr. Hayes towards the South, and has the independence to avow its adherence to the best interests of the country as superior to the temporary success of the Republican party. We trust its future success will fully meet the expectations of its enterprising proprietors.

CONGRESS reassembled yesterday. When the Senate adjourned for the recess it was engaged in considering the resolution offered by Mr. Matthews, of Ohio, declaring it to be the sense of Congress that all debts, including government bonds, may lawfully be paid in silver dollars, unless where otherwise specially directed. When this resolution is disposed of, the Bland silver bill, which has already passed the House, and which provides for the coinage of the silver dollar spoken of, and makes it an unlimited legal tender for all debts, both public and private, will be taken up. The best impression is that it will pass, with the certainty of being vetoed, unless its legal-tender feature is essentially modified.

THE Legislature last winter having very properly refused to furnish each member with a copy of Purdon's Digest at the cost of the State, a member of the Senate at the present adjourned session, who is in the pursuit of legal knowledge under difficulties, has offered a joint resolution for the purchase of *six* copies for the use of the Senate and *twelve* for that of the House. This would be one copy for *eight* members of the Senate, and one copy for *seventeen members* of the House—a most inconvenient arrangement. It is very small business, and the only decent and honorable course for every member to adopt is to buy a copy of the much coveted Digest, pay for it like a little man, and not compel the State to furnish it to him without money and without price.

THAT the National Guard of this State, a very expensive institution to the taxpayers, is more ornamental than useful was abundantly demonstrated during the railroad riots last July, when the Governor, or those representing him, were constrained to call on the President for military assistance to quell the outbreak and preserve the peace. There are entirely too many officers and too few privates, as is shown by the report of the Adjutant General, who states that there are now in service 871 officers and 9,485 enlisted men, or *one* officer to every *eleven* privates. The whole organization, as it exists at present, is regarded by the people as a public nuisance and totally inefficient for the work expected from it in an emergency. Governor Hartranft, himself a military man, has no faith in it, and the Legislature should take it in hand and either reform it thoroughly or abolish it altogether.

LAST TUESDAY was the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans. There was a time when the event was very generally celebrated throughout the country, but that day has passed by, and the brilliant achievement of the brave pioneers of the South-west, who, on the plains of Chalmette, saved the "beauty and booty" of New Orleans from lust and pillage, is now unhonored and unsung. The conflict between tha British and American forces below New Orleans was not a great battle, like that on the field of Waterloo, or Gettysburg, where the destinies of nations are decided, but in many respects it was one of the most memorable engagements in the history of modern warfare. The commander-in-chief of the British army, Packenham, was an Irish nobleman, and his army was composed of men who had served under Wellington in Spain in his battles with the veterans of Napoleon's most trusted Marshals; while, on the other hand, Jackson, the American general-in-chief, was the son of an Ulster county Irishman—a Tennessee lawyer—uneducated in military science, though born to command, and his troops were raw, undisciplined militiamen, principally from Kentucky and Tennessee. The victory was the most complete and decisive of the war, and the battle was fought *after* the treaty of peace had been signed at Ghent, of which the commanding officers had no information. It made straight the path of its hero to the Presidency, and in his double capacity of soldier and statesman no man, save Washington himself, enjoys more of the respect and veneration of the American people than Andrew Jackson. His name will live in history, and live forever.

In the State Senate, last week, Mr. Newmyer, of Allegheny county, introduced a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the new constitution reducing the Legislature to the old number, thirty-three Senators and one hundred Representatives. If this joint resolution is adopted by the present Legislature, it must also be passed by the Legislature next year, and then the proposed amendment must be submitted to a vote of the people at the general election in November, 1879, for their ratification or rejection. It will thus be seen that if the amendment passes through these three several stages, the first election for the reduced number of members for which it provides would not take place until the November election in 1880, and that, therefore, no member of the present Legislature who desires a re-election can be affected by its adoption. We have heretofore expressed our decided approval of such an amendment and now reaffirm it. If the clause in the new constitution fixing the numbers of the Senate at *fifty*, and of the House at *two hundred*, had been *separately* submitted to the people, it would certainly have been defeated. The beneficial results which its advocates predicted from its adoption have not been realized, but, on the contrary, their wholesome theories have all vanished into thin air. We never heard but one argument in its favor, and that was that the increase would render legislative bribery and corruption so difficult that it would not be attempted. But at the very first adjourned session under the new constitution, *two* members of the House were virtually expelled for corrupt practices in connection with the passage of the Williamsport boom bill, and some others richly deserved the same fate. The interests of the people did not demand an increase of their representatives, and there is no more necessity that Cambria, Blair, Bedford or Somerset counties should each elect *two* members of Assembly than that they, as a district, should elect *two* members of Congress. If thirty-eight States are sufficiently represented in in the lower branch of Congress by 293 members, surely 100 members ought to be enough to take care of the interests of the people of this State in the lower house of the Legislature. We trust that the public press will not be afraid to speak out on this subject, so that the members of the present Legislature may form an intelligent estimate of public opinion in reference to it. So far as we have seen an expression by the papers of both parties, it has been very pronounced in favor of the amendment.

THE leaders of the Greenback Labor party in this State, encouraged by the fifty-two thousand votes polled for its candidates at the recent election, are organizing for active and vigorous work during the approaching campaign, Francis W. Hughes, of Pottsville, who is regarded as its ablest advocate in the State, and its most prominent candidate for Governor at the election next fall, delivered a speech last Saturday night a week ago in the Court House at Harrisburg, in which he discussed the Greenback issue with all his admitted ability. Mr. Hughes thinks and says that his party cherishes a reasonable hope of carrying the State at the November election, and intimates that in its conquering march it may capture the Presidency in the contest of 1880. This is a most comfortable political delusion under which to labor, and if all greenbackers take as rosy a view of the future as Mr. Hughes does, they certainly are a happy family. We are inclined to think, however, that he is entirely too sanguine in his hopes of the future and that on the morning after the next November election he will be a wiser if not a sadder man. At the last election the Greenback-Labor party carried just *one* county in each of the three large States of Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York, viz: Lucas county in the first named, Luzerne in this State, and Chemung in New York. If Mr. Hughes bases his reasonable hope of a victory at the polls in this State next fall on this beggarly showing, his faith in the strength of his party is exceedingly elastic. He is an old and experienced politician and knows that in this country there can be but two great leading parties—the same parties that have confronted each other since the days of Jefferson and Adams. Other parties being mere offshoots of these have time and again been organized and have sometimes achieved local success, but have disappeared as suddenly as they sprang into existence. Mr. Hughes will once more see what he has several times seen heretofore in the political history of this country, and that is that a party based upon *a single idea*, like the old anti-masonic party, the late know-nothing party, and the present greenback party, is doomed to speedy dissolution. The history of parties always repeats itself.

NEWSPAPORIAL.—The Columbia *Herald* is now under the exclusive management of our genial friend, W. Hayes Grier, his associate, R. B. Risk, having retired. The *Herald* is a most excellent paper and an able advocate of the genuine principles of straightforward, honest Democracy, but if it can be published without *Risk* it must be firmly established on an advance-paying basis.

—Not having seen a copy of the Philadelphia *Commonwealth* for a long time, we supposed that it had ceased to be, but the receipt of its issue of Saturday last removed that impression. Charles M. Leisenring, Esq., who has been connected with it ever since it was first established, is now its sole proprietor. We always admired the *Commonwealth* as a sound, reliable Democratic paper, and have no doubt that under its present able management it will be properly appreciated and sustained by the Democracy of Philadelphia.

—That old and unwavering sheet, the Greensburg *Argus*, is now printed with new type, its size enlarged to the old form, and its entire appearance greatly improved. No man is better or more favorably known to the profession throughout the State than the veteran editor of the *Argus*, John M. Laird, Esq., venerable in years and unimpeachable in integrity. He and his enterprising sons have our best wishes for the future prosperity of themselves and the able and efficient Democratic journal which they publish.

—Ceder Keys, Fla., advertises a pig with four ears, five toes on one foot, one eye, and no holes in his ears.

## *Gov. Hartranft on the July Riots.*

The most interesting portion of the Governor's message is that relating to the railroad riots of last July. After relating the story of the troubles the Governor thus refers to the causes and effects:

Thus ended the great railway strike of 1877 in Pennsylvania, which resulted in violence, murder and arson, which caused the deaths of over fifty civilians and five soldiers, and the wounding and maiming of a hundred or more, and the destruction of millions of dollars worth of property.

While it is true that the workingmen who began it contemplated no such terrible results, it cannot be denied that the manner in which they proceeded to enforce their demands, by stopping inland commerce and seizing the property of corporations and individuals and driving citizens from their usual occupations, in defiance of law, made the breach through which the lawless elements of society poured to plunder and destroy. By thus inconsiderately inviting the co-operation of the criminal classes, labor did itself a great and grievous injury, and it will be long before it can remove the suspicion and distrust with which the people will view its strikes and organizations. Into the merits of the contest it is not necessary to go; whatever be the rights of labor, the duty of the Executive is imperative. In the message of 1876 were set forth the principles which govern the present administration in the discharge of this onerous duty, to which recent events have given additional emphasis: "No illegal exercise of regularly constituted authority will be permitted, whether on the part of individuals, corporations or combinations of men. No sense of wrong, however grievous, will or shall justify violence in seeking indemnity therefor. The rights of property must be respected, and no interference with its legitimate use will be tolerated. Every man must be allowed to sell his own labor at his own price, and his working must not be interrupted, either by force or intimidation. For grievances, fancied or real, redress must be sought in the manner the law provides, and no one must attempt to override its process. If citizens will recognize these principles as binding upon their consciences and actions, there can be no necessity for Executive interference to preserve the peace, and it must be understood, once for all, that any violation of private rights, or resistance to public officers when in the discharge of their duty, will be summarily dealt with, and if the civil authorities and the power of the county cannot maintain the supremacy of the law, then the whole power of the Commonwealth shall be employed, if necessary, to compel respect for authority."

As a sequel to the riots, the grand jury of Allegheny county entered upon an investigation, and summarily demanded the attendance of the Governor and the civil and military officers of the Executive Department to testify before it. As I did not think it the time or place for an impartial investigation of the troubles, or concede the rights of the courts to command the attendance of a co-ordinate branch of the government, I refused to attend, and other civil and military officers to refuse also. The question was submitted to the Supreme Court, and its decision according with the views of the Department, all appearance of conflict between the Judiciary and Executive was happily averted. Should the Legislature deem it expedient to investigate the subject, all information in the possession of the Governor or the Department, if any, in addition to that contained in the Adjutant-General's report, and the appendix hereto, will be promptly given.

Passing from these secondary matters to the broader and deeper lessons of the strike, while there is much to cause solicitude there is much, also, to awaken confidence in the final solution of the problem. While capital held labor in ignorance and bondage strikes were rare. Their frequent occurrence is a proof that labor is growing more and more to an equality in strength and importance to capital. Intelligence is spread most among the laboring classes; they have learned to read and write and to interchange their views, and formed associations, according to their new lights, for their protection and advancement. And if in this, as in many other cases, "a little learning is a dangerous thing," it is yet better than no learning at all, and is the progressive step to higher intelligence. On the other hand, under the influence of civilization, wealth became more and more diffused, and corporations grew up to collect the large and small amounts of unemployed capital, to build the gigantic works and conduct the great industries required by modern society.

These two results are the inevitable consequences of increased intelligence and civilization. These great corporations, from the character of the enterprises, are of necessity, in most cases, monopolies. As such, the people have a right to demand that while the profits may accrue to private individuals, their management shall be above merely selfish aims, and consult also the public utility and welfare. It has come to pass that the conflict between capital and labor, the former is almost wholly represented by corporations and the latter by various organizations.

The attitude of the people towards these two forces during the great strike has also deep significance, in the general sympathy for the striking workmen by their own unlawful acts, the workmen have assurance that in all right and lawful efforts to better their condition they will have the aid of nearly all classes of their fellow citizens. And in the prejudices against the corporations, those who control them may realize that the possession of great wealth and the contro of great enterprises impose obligations to the public which they cannot afford to ignore. In these facts we can discern the two roads that may eventually lead to the final settlement of the contest—the diffusion of higher education among the workingmne, and the conviction, on the part of capital, that it has now to deal with an equal competitor, whose claims and rights, together with his own, must be decided and adjusted by arbitration. In this contest the primary duty of the State is to keep the peace, and secondarily, so far as laws will avail, to hasten the consummation of the result.

The Governor also repeats his suggestions on arbitration:

If it is to be the interests of the Republic that litigation should cease; it is still more to the interests of the people that the conflicts between different classes should be brought to a close. As it is becoming the public opinion of the civilized world that the nations cannot afford to submit their differences to the costly arbitrament of the sword, so it is becoming the settled conviction that nothing can be gained by a war of classes to compensate for the loss caused by the disturbance of all industrial relations, and the dangers threatened to individual independence and free institutions. And in many places the same idea is gaining ground among the trading classes for adjusting the conflicting claims of individuals.

Since, therefore, arbitration has been successfully used to settle international questions, and even the petty disputes of individuals, why cannot the same peaceful agency be invoked to adjust the relations of capital and labor? The suggestion, though important, is not new, but has floated in public discussion for some time, and no apology is needed for calling your attention to the suggestions made in the message of 1876. "Does it not seem practical to appoint a court of arbitration, composed of three of more of the judges of our courts, as many operators, and a like number of the representatives of the workingmen, to whom could be referred the disputes arising between employer and employes, so that at least a full, fair and impartial discussion could be had, and the public enlightened upon the merits of the controversy; and, if there was no legal remedy, the force of public opinion would constrain the parties whose claims were arbitrated, to do justice to those who were wronged.

Any plan is surrounded with difficulties from the constant changing relations of the great interests involved and the doubtfulness of securing a stable settlement with the proper opportunities of revision according to these varying conditions; but since labor has now organizations, and representatives by whom these organizations will be heard, it seems practicable to devise some plan by which all relations and disputes of capital and labor can be harmoniously adjusted.

—The monster seen in the Mississippi River above Memphis a few weeks ago by the captain and crew of a towboat reappeared the other day near island 95. This time the frightful creature was seen by some of the crew of a produce boat. The monster's body was shaped like a snake's, his tail forked like a fish's and his bill formed like a pelican's. His bill was about six feet long, and a flowing black mane stood out from his head, which was erected eight feet above the water, as he swam majestically down the stream. One twist of his forked tail knocked off the steering oar of the produce boat and sent the crew in terror to the hold. The ill starred craft now lies moored at Vicksburg, deserted by all the crew but one man, the others believe that the monster is lying in wait for this particular boat to sink it out of sight.

—A local excitement and temporary panic were created at Wheeling, W. Va., on Sunday, by the discovery that the roof of St. Alphonsus's Catholic church, one of the largest in the State, was on fire. The morning services were just over, and a large party had assembled to witness a marriage, when the smoke was seen issuing from the ceiling. The plucky bride couple told the priest to go on and the ceremony was completed. Pieces of the ceiling began falling, and a general stampede ensued, in which several persons were slightly injured. The fire was finally subdued, with a loss of about $1,200. The church was fully insured.

## *Governor Hartranft's Message.*

Of this lengthy and well-written document, which was read in the Legislature on Wednesday of last week, we publish the following synopsis as we find it in the Huntingdon *Local News*: The receipts of the year have been $15,644,500,05, and the disbursements $13,482,453,19, leaving a balance in the treasury of $2,162,046,87. The debt of the State unprovided for is $18,352,386,38. The receipts for the next fiscal year are not believed to be equal to the demands of the general fund by $933,925,50. The Governor does not recommend increased taxation to meet the deficiency, but the diversion of the Sinking Fund, there being enough aggregate revenues to meet the demands of the Constitution for both funds.

He wisely urges that the Legislature should draw a line between banks for saving and those of discount. One is a trust and the other a business; but banks of saving should not be allowed to discount notes.

The history and lessons of the July riots occupy considerable space in the message. The historical part is a lucid statement of the inception, progress and close of the riots in this State. He holds that the lessons of the strike that labor is becoming more intelligent, and more nearly equal to capital than heretofore; and hence capitalists must treat labor right, if they would prosper. The attitude of the people towards the strikers shows that in all lawful resistance against organized oppression, the workmen have the sympathy and aid of their fellow-citizens. "In these facts," he says, "we can discern the two roads that may eventually lead to the final settlement of the contest—the diffusion of higher education among the workingmen, and the conviction, on the part of capital, that it has now to deal with an equal competitor, whose claims and rights, together with his own, must be decided and adjusted by arbitration. In this contest, the primary duty of the State is to keep the peace, and, secondarily, so far as laws will avail, to hasten the consummation of the result."

He insists that the stand against apprenticeships by the trades' union will make the children of workmen mere drudges, unless the State shall see that they have an industrial education. "The great warfare of the nineteenth century is industrial warfare; the struggle between great nations for supremacy in various industries, and for the control of the various markets." Says the Governor: "Pennsylvania has unrivaled resources, but unless she prepares for the competition, she must content herself with the production of raw materials, and her people become the hewers of wood and drawers of water for more highly cultivated communities. The means must be the diffusion of technical knowledge among the laboring classes; securing the co-operation of the workingmen; creating new industries and diversified interests, and throwing the ways to honorable and lucrative employment open to all." The establishment of workshops in connection with industrial schools, is the remedy proposed.

Alluding to the powers and responsibilities of the civil authorities, the Governor makes the following good point: "The office of Sheriff was formerly one of dignity and power. It has degenerated, standing without change in new conditions, until its main duties are those of a jailor and auctioneer. Some means ought certainly to be taken to clothe the office with its original importance and responsibilities."

The geological survey, navigation of the Ohio river, municipal commission, and board of public charities, receive passing mention, and a number of minor subjects are carefully collated and referred to in a way that shows the Governor to be in earnest.

## *Lord and Lady Hicks.*

His sons are asking for an inquisition of lunacy upon Mr. Thomas Lord, a millionaire of New York, because he, being 83 years of age, has gone before Cardinal McCloskey with Mrs. Hicks, a dashing widow of forty, to be there united in matrimony's holy bonds. The petition of the sons alleges divers act of eccentricity and forgetfulness upon the part of the ancient Lord, which they would persuade us were acts of lunacy; but manifestly the crowning aggravation was this marriage of a rich old man of 83 to a spendthrift widow of 40; an act most likely to seem, in the eyes of his sons and men, to be one of most indisputable lunacy. We appreciate the feelings of the sons. We sympathize with them in the desire that they feel to say the flight of their father's million from them to Hicks. Hicks, 'tis said, had already secured, before the marriage and when she dwelt in high style in London, entertaining princes and potentates, $300,000 of the aged Lord's money as a loan; and three weeks ago, coming quietly home for more, has concluded to take the balance of Mr. Lord's money with Mr. Lord himself. If that is not cause for aggravation of mind to Mr. Lord's children, we know not what would be.

And still, with all our sympathy for the sons and daughters, so suddenly bereft of a fathers' love and money, we have an abundance left for the ancient man himself, who, at the advanced age of 83, chooses to fall in love and is cruelly told that it is an act of such insanity as to cause the law to step in to rob him of his bride and his cash; as, between the boys and their dad, it would seem that the sire has the best right to the money, and as to his title to his bride there can be no dispute, since she gave herself or sold herself to him and a cardinal blessed the union. There may fairly be two opinions as to which was the crazy party to such a union, if either was. We refuse to believe that Lord was, just because he was 83. We know men of that age who are better men physically than those of half their years. Several years ago in the mountains of southwest Virginia we came across a husband of 94 and a wife of 40, who had around them several of their offspring, the youngest being four or five years old; in the vicinity dwelt a son of the patriarch's first marriage, some seventy years old; and the man of ninety-four years had the appearance and vigor of but threescore.—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

CURIOUS INSTANCE OF ANIMAL SAGACITY.—A New Zealand paper vouches for the truth of the following story: There is a dog at Taupo, and also a young pig, and these two afford a curious example of animal sagacity and confidence in the *bona fides* of each other. These two animals live at the native pa on the opposite side of Tapuaharuru, and the dog discovered some happy hunting grounds on the other side, and informed the pig. The pig, being only two months old, informed the dog that he could not swim across the river, which at that spot debouches from the lake, but that in time he hoped to share the adventures of his canine friend. The dog settled the difficulty. He went into the river, standing up to his neck in the water, and crouched down; the pig got on his back, clasping his neck with the fore legs. The dog then swam across, thus carrying his chum over. Regularly every morning the two would in this way go across and forage around Tapuaharuru, returning to the pa at night, and if the dog was ready to go home before the pig, he would wait till his friend came down to be ferried over. The truth of this story is vouched for by several who watched the movements of the pair for several weeks.

THERE were 870 failures, involving over $90,000, in New York city last year.

## *News and Other Notings.*

—Archibald Gordon, of Granville, N. C. is the father of twenty seven sons by one wife.

—Eighty-three murderers, all men, were hanged in the United States in 1877.

—A Texas dog left in Missouri found his way back to his master's house, a distance of 800 miles.

—G. M. Peterson, of Burlington, Vt., has a common house cat, four years old, that weighs twenty-three pounds. Next.

—John H. Mason, of Grassy Lick, Montgomery county, has just torn down a barn built in 1775 to replace it by one of modern pretensions.

—The office of the Eastern Express Company at Dexter, Maine, was entered Monday night, and four thousand dollars stolen from the safe.

—Mr. Witten, a member of the Virginia House of Delegates from Tazewell county, is the father of sixteen children, including five pairs of twins.

—Mr. James C. Flood, of Nevada, is a generous man. He gave to various charitable institutions Christmas gifts amounting to more than $6,000.

—What is called a one-legged railroad is being made near Oil City, Pa. There is a single iron rail on which saddle shaped cars are to run, guided by wooden rails lower down.

—Crockett county (Tenn.) *Sentinel*: W. F. Poston has a hog eighteen months old that measures six feet seven inches from stem to stern and three feet six inches around the neck.

—The debt of Pennsylvania unprovided for by bonds and cash in the sinking fund is $13,352,386. Pittsburgh alone can see that and go a couple of millions better. Philadelphia can quintuple it.

—A cave, supposed to be a tramps' resort, has been discovered at Waterbury, Conn. It is thirteen feet deep and is fitted up with a stove, chandelier, bunks and other household conveniences.

—A private letter received in Boston announces the death of Rev. Mr. Tracey, for forty years a missionary of the American board in India. He was born in Norwich, Conn., and was 72 years of age.

—Statistics for last month in various parts of the country show that a green Christmas cut down the usual mortality about twenty per cent. But epigrams should never fool with mathematics.

—State Legislatures are now in session in Colorado, Connecticut, Delawure, Illinois, Indiana, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Mississippi, Nevada, New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania.

—The Uniontown Express east on the Baltimore and Ohio road struck a woman named Jones on Monday evening, between Moore's and Armstrong's stations, killing her instantly. She lived at Armstrong's and was thought to be intoxicated.

—The Richmond *Whig* says: Mrs. Elizabeth Bowyer, mother of Mr. Wm. Bowyer, has a young cow two years old last August that gave milk regularly for five months before it had a calf, giving about one-half a gallon at each milking.

—The last of the bodies buried in the Barclay street ruins, New York, has been recovered. There are no more bodies there; all the facts show that eight were lost within the walls, and two persons were crushed to death on the sidewalk.

—The London *Advertiser* learns on reliable authority that official information has been received in St. Petersburg that the Chinese have massacred 15,000 men, women and children at the Kashgarian town of Maras, committing most frightful atrocities.

—Kiron Carroll, a lawyer of Rome, N. Y., aged fifty years, dropped dead on Saturday while on his way to the funeral of his brother, Hon. Geo K. Carroll, of Camden, N. Y., who dropped dead Wednesday. Their father and brother both dropped dead.

—Victor Emanuel, King of Italy, died on last Wednesday afternoon, in the 58th year of his age. The full name of the deceased, with all the titles attached, was about two yards long, though it was not that, but military emption, whatever that is, that caused his death.

—A telegram from Rome says Cardinal Manning has submitted to the College of Cardinals a proposal, that on the death of Pius IX. the conclave assemble at Malta. The Sacred College is divided in opinion on the matter. The Italian Cardinals are indisposed to accept the proposal.

—Probably the tallest man in the United State is Henry Thurston, a native of Missouri, now residing in Titus county, Texas, formerly a confederate soldier, who stands 7 feet 6 inches in his bare feet. Barnum offered him a large sum to join his exhibition, but he very modestly declined.

—Even dried acorns have their uses. Sparks from a defective flue set fire to some clothing in an upper room of a house in New Hampshire, when a lot of acorns on the floor were made by the heat to pop so loudly that the family heard the noise, and running up stairs extinguished the fire.

—Rev. Father Mauzer, pastor of St. Mary's Roman Catholic church, Newark, called on a firm of carriage-makers in that city, on Friday, and handed them $80, which one of his parishioners had admitted in the confessional to have stolen from them while in their employ several years ago.

—A lawyer and his wife in Lafayette, Ky., got drunk on New Year's day. They smashed the windows of their dining room and the glass of the pictures, tore down the curtains, killed two birds, broke a dog's leg, whipped a servant girl. Their case is to be considered by the church of which they are members.

—A singular accident occurred on Satchell Creek, Kan., recently. A party of hunters were loading up a team preparatory to starting for Wichita, when one of the men threw an ax into the wagon, which discharged a shot-gun loaded with buckshot. The charge entered his head, and he was killed instantly.

—Mr. George Llewellyn, of Chester Springs, Chester county, a few days since caught a live weasel at that place which was entirely white, with the exception of the tip of its tail, which was black. About a year ago the same gentleman caught a similar one there which he disposed of for the snug little sum of fifteen dollars.

—The day of reckoning for swindling life insurance officials has come. Two Presidents—Case and Lambert—of New York companies have just been sent to State's Prison for crookedness, and now a Connecticut Grand Jury has indicted the President, Secretary and General Manager of the Charter Oak for conspiracy to defraud the policy holders.

—A girl baby was born in Nebraska recently with but one leg, and that was covered alternately with red and white stripes, the latter being a brighter color than the rest of the girl. The local physician insists that the mind of the child's mother has for a long time been engrossed with the husband, being a man of moderate means, was unable to gratify her longing for red and white stripes.

—A young man named Geo. W. Creagh, nineteen years old, died in Pittsburgh, Friday night, through sheer fright. He had been sick two days in a room in the rear of a store which took fire and was consumed. During the progress of the flames he arose from his bed and walked to the window—looking out he saw the fire, which completely unnerved him and he died four hours afterward from the effects of fright, as stated by his physician.


That old Brick Building at 6th and Market in Philadelphia whose

Wanamaker and Brown

STARTED

to earn a good name

by making ONLY

Real Good Clothing

is this year

"Full and running over" with that kind of Clothing that Men and Boys may DEPEND ON

Please Call W&B Oak Hall.


—The Ottawa *Times* says that some time ago the citizens of Mendota were surprised to learn that a married couple, who had apparently lived in peace and harmony in Illinois, had been divorced in Kansas. The mystery is now explained. The husband had homesteaded 160 acres of fine farming land, and there was another 160 acres adjoining not yet taken up. The pair were divorced, the widow entered the vacant quarter section, and established her claims as the head of a family. When this was done the pair were remarried, and now have a fine farm of half a section.

—A few days since Mr. W. Miller, of Uniontown, Pa., who, like Nimrod of old, is a mighty hunter, and keeps a pack of fifteen hounds, captured an earless wild hog in the mountains of Fayette county. The animal not only has no auricular appendages, but has no orifice in the head for the admission of sound, and is consequently totally deaf. It also has but one eye, which, however, is large enough for two, being nearly two inches in diameter. The animal will weigh about one hundred pounds and is as ferocious as a bear. Mr. Miller will send it to the Zoological Garden in Philadelphia.

—The King of Spain is to be married in the Basilica of Atocha, at Madrid, on the 23d of January. The Princess Mercedes will arrive at Madrid only one hour before the ceremony. The fetes are to last five days, during which time theatrical representations and bull-fights are to be provided for the people free. A banquet is to be given to a thousand of the poor of Madrid in the Prado, and there are to be historical processions in the Plaza de Toros, the nobles of Spain being invited to take part in cavalcades. All children born on the 23d are to be dowered, and 50,000 pesetas are to be distributed among the poor.

—In Lancaster, last week, William A. Hambright, a young school teacher, who had only been married last May, was tried on *twenty-one indictments* for stealing from hotels, market wagons, stores and houses a variety of goods, such as shoes, blankets, vests, pantaloons, sugar and beefsteak.—The defence was "kleptomania," and the young wife of the accused was put on the stand to testify as to his recent peculiar conduct and oddities. The jury acquitted the accused on nineteen indictments and convicted him on two—one for stealing a beefsteak and the other for walking off with sugar that belonged to somebody else. He was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment.

—A singular case of suicide occurred at Wheeling, W. Va., on Thursday night. Henry Daub, a well-known citizen of that place, who was once very wealthy, shot himself through the heart. He had been married twice, and had quarrelled with his second wife, who turned him out of the house and is said to have commenced leading a dissolute life. Late Thursday afternoon he showed a revolver to a friend and said he intended to kill himself on his first wife's grave. As he could not be found next morning, the friend went out to Mount Calvary Cemetery, and there upon his wife's grave, covered with a foot of snow, his body was found, and beside it lay the revolver with which he had shot himself. This is the third suicide among the Germans in Wheeling within three weeks.

A CURIOUS STORY FROM NORTH CAROLINA.—It is a fact not generally known that the cemetery of the Methodist church in Hendersonville, N. C., contains a petrified human body. About the year 1836 Miss Adeline Byers lived with her father, Francis C. Byers, fifteen miles south of that place, in Henderson county. She was a bright, sweet girl, much beloved by all who knew her, and her hand was sought in marriage even before she was of marriageable age. At last she was won by William Pinkney Murray, whom she had known long and well. Soon the nuptials were celebrated and the bride and bridegroom set out in search of a new country, following the setting sun to the Mississippi valley. There they located and began the journey of life together in real earnest. Prosperity and happiness came to them, until at an unexpected moment death cut down Mrs. Murray in the very prime of life. The disconsolate widower, consigning the body of his deceased wife to the dust, as he supposed, sought "surcease of sorrow" in the wilds of Texas. A few years afterward Dr. Josiah Johnston, intending to return to North Carolina, whence he had removed with his brother-in-law, Mr. Murray, disinterred the body of Mrs. Murray for the purpose of carrying it back with him. Imagine how amazed he was to find it in the coffin just as he had seen it there years before. The same features—almost the very same expression. But what he saw was not flesh—it was solid stone. The whole body had petrified. In that condition he carried it to North Carolina, and delivered it to the aged father, Mr. Byers, who could hardly doubt that his daughter had come to him asleep! The news spread that Adeline's body had been "turned into a rock," and great was the desire of everybody to see it. Attempts were made, it is said, to steal it out of the cellar where the old gentleman had carefully concealed it, but they were unsuccessful. All through the war it was guarded by the father as the most sacred trust, but few persons being allowed to see it. About six years ago, however, it was quietly buried in the Methodist cemetery at Hendersonville, where, it is hoped, it will be permitted to rest until the "resurrection morn."


PRICELESS DISCOVERY.

Sure Cure for Piles

A sure cure for the blind, bleeding, itching, ulcerated piles has been discovered by Dr. Graham—an Indian remedy—called by the Indians Indian Ointment. A single box has cured the worst old chronic cases of twenty to thirty years' standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful, healing ointment. Lotions, instruments and electuaries do more harm than good. Williams's Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching, and gives instant relief. Physicians use it and recommend it. It is prepared only for Piles and Piles only. Thousands of cured patients attest its merits and pitiless power. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, $1 per box. This is the greatest contribution to medical science ever made. No matter how long or severe your case, or what you have suffered, you can be cured.

Mr. Joseph M. Sage, of Cleveland, O., says: I suffered for years with itching piles. Williams's Pile Ointment cured me after I had consulted physicians in Philadelphia, New York, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and other cities, and spent hundreds of dollars, but found no relief. A friend obtained a box of Dr. Williams's Indian Ointment, and after using some four months, and it has entirely cured me. I had a part of the box left which I gave to a friend of mine afflicted with piles, who had consulted physicians, and as a last resort went to Hot Springs, Arkansas, for treatment. He informs me that the Indian Ointment has cured him of the Piles. It is certainly a wonderful discovery, and should be used by the thousands who are now suffering with that terrible disease.

$500 Reward will be paid for any article in Dr. Graham's Indian Ointment that will injure the most delicate lady or child. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1. Prepared by DR. J. H. GRAHAM, Cleveland, O. For sale by DR. FRAZIER, sole proprietor, Cleveland, O.

DON'T NEGLECT A COUGH or Cold, when 25 cts. will buy a bottle of Dr. Frazier's Cough Syrup, that will at once relieve and in a few hours wrought a complete change in the entire system. It is pleasant as honey, and as safe as milk.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

Dr. Frazier's Cough Syrup, used in connection with Dr. Frazier's Root Bitters will cure CONSUMPTION. Standard Syrup Laboratory, Cleveland, O. Oct 3-6m

DR. FRAZIER,—Dear Sir: I feel it a duty I owe to suffering humanity to write you. For years I was sorely afflicted with a hard cough, which every spring would settle on my lungs, and I was pronounced consumptive. I tried different remedies and doctored with different physicians, but got no relief. At last one of whom I consulted informed me that I could not live more than three months. About this time, hearing of your Cough Syrup, I commenced taking it, and in connection with your Root Bitters, and before one bottle was gone I felt myself improving, and after using two bottles I find myself entirely restored to health. YORK, PA.

Mr. Dunn again writes under date of March 4, 1877.—Dr. Frazier, Dear Sir: I am glad to inform you that I am entirely cured. My lungs are today strong and sound, having no return of the disease.

Yours, &c. The above Dr. Dunn is known to speak for himself. DR. G. W. FRAZIER, Proprietor, Cleveland, O.

For sale by all Druggists.

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The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This Essay should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

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With cold water or sweet milk make a batter and bake on a hot griddle. Ask your grocer for it.

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40 Extra Fine Mixed Cards, with name, 10c. post paid. E. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

# THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - JAN'Y 11, 1878.


A BILL for the re-enactment of the Local Option law has been introduced in the House of Representatives at Harrisburg. It provides for the first election, to accept or refuse its provisions, in February, 1879, and every two years thereafter.

THE Philadelphia *Daily Record* is an eight column paper, one size larger than the FREEMAN, and is printed in small type. It contains the very latest and most reliable news, both foreign and domestic, together with the fullest local intelligence. Any man who would read a number of the *Record* without knowing its price would scarcely believe that it is sold for one *cent* per copy; but such is the fact, and as a result its daily circulation has reached *thirty-six thousand*. It is a marvel how so much reading can be furnished at so trifling a sum, and affords a remarkable instance of the success of a good newspaper furnished at the lowest possible price.

THE reputation of the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, whose prospectus for 1878 we publish this week, as an ably conducted and enterprising newspaper is so well established that anything we could say in its behalf would not enhance it. It is a first-class journal, and receives, as it well deserves, a most generous support. The *Dispatch* is one of the few Republican papers in this State that supports the judicious and liberal policy of Mr. Hayes towards the South, and has the independence to avow its adherence to the best interests of the country as superior to the temporary success of the Republican party. We trust its future success will fully meet the expectations of its enterprising proprietors.

CONGRESS reassembled yesterday. When the Senate adjourned for the recess it was engaged in considering the resolution offered by Mr. Matthews, of Ohio, declaring it to be the sense of Congress that all debts, including government bonds, may lawfully be paid in silver dollars, unless where otherwise specially directed. When this resolution is disposed of, the Bland silver bill, which has already passed the House, and which provides for the coinage of the silver dollar spoken of, and makes it an unlimited legal tender for all debts, both public and private, will be taken up. The best impression is that it will pass, with the certainty of being vetoed, unless its legal-tender feature is essentially modified.

THE Legislature last winter having very properly refused to furnish each member with a copy of Purdon's Digest at the cost of the State, a member of the Senate at the present adjourned session, who is in the pursuit of legal knowledge under difficulties, has offered a joint resolution for the purchase of *six* copies for the use of the Senate and *twelve* for that of the House. This would be one copy for *eight* members of the Senate, and one copy for *seventeen* members of the House—a most inconvenient arrangement. It is very small business, and the only decent and honorable course for every member to adopt is to buy a copy of the much covated Digest, pay for it like a little man, and not compel the State to furnish it to him without money and without price.

THAT the National Guard of this State, a very expensive institution to the taxpayers, is more ornamental than useful was abundantly demonstrated during the railroad riots last July, when the Governor, or those representing him, were constrained to call on the President for military assistance to quell the outbreak and preserve the peace. There are entirely too many officers and too few privates, as is shown by the report of the Adjutant General, who states that there are now in service 871 officers and 9,485 enlisted men, or *one* officer to every *eleven* privates. The whole organization, as it exists at present, is regarded by the people as a public nuisance and totally inefficient for the work expected from it in an emergency. Governor Hartranft, himself a military man, has no faith in it, and the Legislature should take it in hand and either reform it thoroughly or abolish it altogether.

LAST TUESDAY was the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans. There was a time when the event was very generally celebrated throughout the country, but that day has passed by, and the brilliant achievement of the brave pioneers of the South-west, who, on the plains of Chalmette, saved the "beauty and booty" of New Orleans from lust and pillage, is now unhonored and unsung. The conflict between tha British and American forces below New Orleans was not a great battle, like that on the field of Waterloo, or Gettysburg, where the destinies of nations are decided, but in many respects it was one of the most memorable engagements in the history of modern warfare. The commander-in-chief of the British army, Packenham, was an Irish nobleman, and his army was composed of men who had served under Wellington in Spain in his battles with the veterans of Napoleon's most trusted Marshals; while, on the other hand, Jackson, the American general-in-chief, was the son of an Ulster county Irishman—a Tennessee lawyer—uneducated in military science, though born to command, and his troops were raw, undisciplined militiamen, principally from Kentucky and Tennessee. The victory was the most complete and decisive of the war, and the battle was fought *after* the treaty of peace had been signed at Ghent, of which the commanding officers had no information. It made straight the path of its hero to the Presidency, and in his double capacity of soldier and statesman no man, save Washington himself, enjoys more of the respect and veneration of the American people than Andrew Jackson. His name will live in history, and live forever.

IN the State Senate, last week, Mr. Newmyer, of Allegheny county, introduced a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the new constitution reducing the Legislature to the old number, thirty-three Senators and one hundred Representatives. If this joint resolution is adopted by the present Legislature, it must also be passed by the Legislature next year, and then the proposed amendment must be submitted to a vote of the people at the general election in November, 1879, for their ratification or rejection. It will thus be seen that if the amendment passes through these three several stages, the first election for the reduced number of members for which it provides would not take place until the November election in 1880, and that, therefore, no member of the present Legislature who desires a re-election can be affected by its adoption. We have heretofore expressed our decided approval of such an amendment and now reaffirm it. If the clause in the new constitution fixing the numbers of the Senate at *fifty*, and of the House at *two hundred*, had been *separately* submitted to the people, it would certainly have been defeated. The beneficial results which its advocates predicted from its adoption have not been realized, but, on the contrary, their wholesome theories have all vanished into thin air. We never heard but one argument in its favor, and that was that the increase would render legislative bribery and corruption so difficult that it would not be attempted. But at the very first adjourned session under the new constitution, *two* members of the House were virtually expelled for corrupt practices in connection with the passage of the Williamsport boom bill, and some others richly deserved the same fate. The interests of the people did not demand an increase of their representatives, and there is no more necessity that Cambria, Blair, Bedford or Somerset counties should each elect *two* members of Assembly than that they, as a district, should elect *two* members of Congress. If thirty-eight States are sufficiently represented in in the lower branch of Congress by 293 members, surely 100 members ought to be enough to take care of the interests of the people of this State in the lower house of the Legislature. We trust that the public press will not be afraid to speak out on this subject, so that the members of the present Legislature may form an intelligent estimate of public opinion in reference to it. So far as we have seen an expression by the papers of both parties, it has been very pronounced in favor of the amendment.

THE leaders of the Greenback Labor party in this State, encouraged by the fifty-two thousand votes polled for its candidates at the recent election, are organizing for active and vigorous work during the approaching campaign. Francis W. Hughes, of Pottsville, who is regarded as its ablest advocate in the State, and its most prominent candidate for Governor at the election next fall, delivered a speech last Saturday night a week ago in the Court House at Harrisburg, in which he discussed the Greenback issue with all his admitted ability. Mr. Hughes thinks and says that his party cherishes a reasonable hope of carrying the State at the November election, and intimates that in its conquering march it may capture the Presidency in the contest of 1880. This is a most comfortable political delusion under which to labor, and if all greenbackers take as rosy a view of the future as Mr. Hughes does, they certainly are a happy family. We are inclined to think, however, that he is entirely too sanguine in his hopes of the future and that on the morning after the next November election he will be a wiser if not a sadder man. At the last election the Greenback-Labor party carried just *one* county in each of the three large States of Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York, viz: Lucas county in the first named, Luzerne in this State, and Chemung in New York. If Mr. Hughes bases his reasonable hope of a victory at the polls in this State next fall on this beggarly showing, his faith in the strength of his party is exceedingly elastic. He is an old and experienced politician and knows that in this country there can be but two great leading parties—the same parties that have confronted each other since the days of Jefferson and Adams. Other parties being mere offshoots of these have time and again been organized and have sometimes achieved local success, but have disappeared as suddenly as they sprang into existence. Mr. Hughes will once more see what he has several times seen heretofore in the political history of this country, and that is that a party based upon *a single idea*, like the old anti-masonic party, the late know-nothing party, and the present greenback party, is doomed to speedy dissolution. The history of parties always repeats itself.

NEWSPAPORIAL.—The Columbia *Herald* is now under the exclusive management of our genial friend, W. Hayes Grier, his associate, R. B. Risk, having retired. The *Herald* is a most excellent paper and an able advocate of the genuine principles of straightforward, honest Democracy, but if it can be published without *Risk* it must be firmly established on an advance-paying basis.

—Not having seen a copy of the Philadelphia *Commonwealth* for a long time, we supposed that it had ceased to be, but the receipt of its issue of Saturday last removed that impression. Charles M. Leisenring, Esq., who has been connected with it ever since it was first established, is now its sole proprietor. We always admired the *Commonwealth* as a sound, reliable Democratic paper, and have no doubt that under its present able management it will be properly appreciated and sustained by the Democracy of Philadelphia.

—That old and unwavering sheet, the Greensburg *Argus*, is now printed with new type, its size enlarged to the old form, and its entire appearance greatly improved. No man is better or more favorably known to the profession throughout the State than the veteran editor of the *Argus*, John M. Laird, Esq., venerable in years and unimpeachable in integrity. He and his enterprising sons have our best wishes for the future prosperity of themselves and the able and efficient Democratic journal which they publish.

—Ceder Keys, Fla., advertises a pig with four ears, five toes on one foot, one eye, and no holes in his ears.

## *Gov. Hartranft on the July Riots.*

The most interesting portion of the Governor's message is that relating to the railroad riots of last July. After relating the story of the troubles the Governor thus refers to the causes and effects:

Thus ended the great railway strike of 1877 in Pennsylvania, which resulted in violence, murder and arson, which caused the deaths of over fifty civilians and five soldiers, and the wounding and maiming of a hundred or more, and the destruction of millions of dollars worth of property.

While it is true that the workingmen who began it contemplated no such terrible results, it cannot be denied that the manner in which they proceeded to enforce their demands, by stopping inland commerce and seizing the property of corporations and individuals and driving citizens from their usual occupations, in defiance of law, made the breach through which the lawless elements of society poured to plunder and destroy. By thus inconsiderately inviting the co-operation of the criminal classes, labor did itself a great and grievous injury, and it will be long before it can remove the suspicion and distrust with which the people will view its strikes and organizations. Into the merits of the contest it is not necessary to go; whatever be the rights of labor, the duty of the Executive is imperative. In the message of 1876 were set forth the principles which govern the present administration in the discharge of this onerous duty, to which recent events have given additional emphasis: "No disobedience of regularly constituted authority will be permitted, whether on the part of individuals, corporations or combinations of men. No sense of wrong, however grievous, will or shall justify violence in seeking indemnity therefor. The rights of property must be respected, and no interference with its legitimate use will be tolerated. Every man must be allowed to sell his own labor at his own price, and his working must not be interrupted, either by force or intimidation. For grievances, fancied or real, redress must be sought in the manner the law provides, and no one must attempt to override its process. If citizens will recognize these principles as binding upon their consciences and actions, there can be no necessity for Executive interference to preserve the peace, and it must be understood, once for all, that any violation of private rights, or resistance to public officers when in the discharge of their duty, will be summarily dealt with, and if the civil authorities and the power of the county cannot maintain the supremacy of the law, then the whole power of the Commonwealth shall be employed, if necessary, to compel respect for authority."

As a sequel to the riots, the grand jury of Allegheny county entered upon an investigation, and summarily demanded the attendance of the Governor and the civil and military officers of the Executive Department to testify before it. As I did not think it the time or place for an impartial investigation of the troubles, or concede the rights of the courts to command the attendance of a co-ordinate branch of the government, I refused to attend, and directed the civil and military officers to refuse also. The question was submitted to the Supreme Court, and its decision according with the views of the Department, all appearance of conflict between the Judiciary and Executive was happily averted. Should the Legislature deem it expedient to investigate the subject, all information in the possession of the Governor or the Department, if any, in addition to that contained in the Adjutant-General's report, and the appendix hereto, will be promptly given.

Passing from these secondary matters to the broader and deeper lessons of the strike, there is much to ponder over, solicitude there is much, also, to awaken confidence in the final solution of the problem. While capital held labor in ignorance and bondage strikes were rare.—Their frequent occurrence is a proof that labor is growing more and more to an equality in strength and importance to capital. Intelligence has spread itself among the laboring classes; they have learned to read and write and to interchange their views, and formed associations, according to their new lights, for their protection and advancement. And if in this, as in many other cases, "a little learning is a dangerous thing," it is yet better than no learning at all, and is the progressive step to higher intelligence. On the other hand, under the influence of these ideas, wealth, no longer more and more diffused, and corporations grew up to collect the large and small amounts of unemployed capital, to build the gigantic works and conduct the great industries required by modern society.

These two results are the inevitable consequences of increased intelligence and civilization. These great corporations, from the character of the enterprises, are of necessity, in most cases, monopolies. As such, the people have a right to demand that while the profits may accrue to private individuals, their management shall be above merely selfish aims, and consult also the public utility and welfare. It has come to pass that in the conflict between capital and labor, the former is almost wholly represented by corporations and the latter by various organizations.

The attitude of the people towards these two forces during the great strike has also deep significance, in the general sympathy for the strikers, dulled only by their own unlawful acts, the well-known fact that in all right and lawful efforts to better their condition they will have the aid of nearly all classes of their fellow-citizens. And in the prejudices against the corporations, those who control them may realize that the possession of great wealth, and the control of great enterprises imposes obligations to the public which they cannot afford to ignore. In these facts we can discern the two roads that may eventually lead to the final settlement of the contest—the diffusion of higher education among the workingmen, and the conviction, on the part of capital, that it has now to deal with an equal competitor, whose claims and rights, together with his own, must be decided and adjusted by arbitration. In this contest the primary duty of the State is to keep the peace, and secondarily, so far as laws will avail, to hasten the consummation of the result.

The Governor also repeats his suggestions on arbitration:

If it is to be the interests of the Republic that litigation should cease; it is still more to the interests of the people that the conflicts between different classes should be brought to a close. As it is becoming the public opinion of the civilized world that the nations cannot afford to submit their differences to the costly arbitrament of the sword, so it is becoming the settled conviction that nothing can be gained by a war of classes to compensate for the loss caused by the disturbance of all industrial relations, and the dangers threatened to individual independence and free institutions. And in many places the same idea is gaining ground among the trading classes for adjusting the conflicting claims of individuals.

Since, therefore, arbitration has been successfully used in international questions, and even the petty disputes of individuals, why cannot the same peaceful agency be invoked to adjust the relations of capital and labor? The subject, though important, is not new, but has floated in public discussion for some time, and no apology is needed for calling your attention to the suggestions made in the message of 1876. "Does it not seem practical to appoint a court of arbitration, composed of three of more of the judges of our courts, as many operators, and a like number of the representatives of the workingmen, to whom could be referred the disputes arising between employer and employes, so that at least a full, fair and impartial discussion could be had, and the public enlightened upon the merits of the controversy; and, if there was no legal remedy, the force of public opinion would constrain the parties whose claims were arbitrated, to do justice to those who were wronged.

Any plan is surrounded with difficulties from the constant changing relations of the great interests involved and the doubtfulness of securing a stable settlement with the proper opportunities of revision according to these varying conditions; but since labor has now organizations, and representatives by whom these organizations will be bound, it seems practicable to devise some plan by which all relations and disputes of capital and labor can be harmoniously adjusted.

—The monster seen in the Mississippi River above Memphis a few weeks ago by the captain and crew of a towboat reappeared the other day near island 95. This time the frightful creature was seen by some of the crew of a produce boat. The monster's body was shaped like a snake's, his tail forked like a fish's and his bill formed like a pelican's. His bill was about six feet long, and a flowing black mane stood out from his head, which was erected eight feet above the water, as he swam majestically down the stream. One twist of his forked tail knocked off the steering oar of the produce boat and sent the crew in terror to the hold. The ill starred craft now lies moored at Vicksburg, deserted by all the crew but one man, the others believe that the monster is lying in wait for this particular boat to sink it out of sight.

—A local excitement and temporary panic were created at Wheeling, W. Va., on Sunday, by the discovery that the roof of St. Alphonsus's Catholic church, one of the largest in the State, was on fire. The morning services were just over, and a large party had assembled to witness a marriage, when the smoke was seen issuing from the ceiling. The plucky bridal couple told the priest to go on and the ceremony was completed. Pieces of the ceiling began falling, and a general stampede ensued, in which several persons were slightly injured. The fire was finally subdued with a loss of about $1,200. The church was fully insured.

## *Governor Hartranft's Message.*

Of this lengthy and well-written document, which was read in the Legislature on Wednesday of last week, we publish the following synopsis as we find it in the Huntingdon *Local News*: The receipts of the year have been $15,644,500,05, and the disbursements $13,482,453,19, leaving a balance in the treasury of $2,162,046,87. The debt of the State unprovided for is $13,352,386,38. The receipts for the next fiscal year are not believed to be equal to the demands of the general fund by $983,925,50. The Governor does not recommend increased taxation to meet the deficiency, but the diversion of the Sinking Fund, there being enough aggregate revenues to meet the demands of the Constitution for both funds.

He wisely urges that the Legislature should draw a line between banks for saving and those of discount. One is a trust and the other a business; but banks of saving should not be allowed to discount notes.

The history and lessons of the July riots occupy considerable space in the message. The historical part is a lucid statement of the inception, progress and close of the riots in this State. He holds that the lessons of the strike that labor is becoming more intelligent, and more nearly equal to capital than heretofore; and hence capitalists must treat labor right, if they would prosper. The attitude of the people towards the strikers shows that in all lawful resistance against organized oppression, the workmen have the sympathy and aid of their fellow-citizens. "In these facts," he says, "we can discern the two roads that may eventually lead to the final settlement of the contest—the diffusion of higher education among the workingmen, and the conviction, on the part of capital, that it has now to deal with an equal competitor, whose claims and rights, together with his own, must be decided and adjusted by arbitration. In this contest, the primary duty of the State is to keep the peace, and, secondarily, so far as laws will avail, to hasten the consummation of the result."

He insists that the stand against apprenticeships by the trades' union will make the children of workmen mere drudges, unless the State shall see that they have an industrial education. "The great warfare of the nineteenth century is industrial warfare; the struggle between great nations for supremacy in various industries, and for the control of the various markets." Says the Governor: "Pennsylvania has unrivaled resources, but unless she prepares for the competition, she must content herself with the production of raw materials, and her people become the hewers of wood and drawers of water for more highly cultivated communities. The means must be the diffusion of technical knowledge among the laboring classes; securing the co-operation of the workingmen; creating new industries and diversified interests, and throwing the ways to honorable and lucrative employment open to all." The establishment of workshops in connection with industrial schools, is the remedy proposed.

Alluding to the powers and responsibilities of the civil authorities, the Governor makes the following good point: "The office of Sheriff was formerly one of dignity and power. It has degenerated, standing without change in new conditions, until its main duties are those of a jailor and auctioneer. Some means ought certainly to be taken to clothe the office with its original importance and responsibilities."

The geological survey, navigation of the Ohio river, municipal commission, and board of public charities, receive passing mention, and a number of minor subjects are carefully collated and referred to in a way that shows the Governor to be in earnest.

## *Lord and Lady Hicks.*

His sons are asking for an inquisition of lunacy upon Mr. Thomas Lord, a millionaire of New York, because he, being 83 years of age, has gone before Cardinal McCloskey with Mrs. Hicks, a dashing widow of forty, to be there united in matrimony's holy bonds. The petition of the sons alleges divers act of eccentricity and forgetfulness upon the part of the ancient Lord, which they would persuade us were acts of lunacy; but manifestly the crowning aggravation was this marriage of a rich old man of 83 to a spendthrift widow of 40; an act most likely to seem, in the eyes of his sons and men, to be one of most indisputable lunacy. We appreciate the feelings of the sons. We sympathize with them in the desire that they feel to say the flight of their father's million from them to Hicks. Hicks, 'tis said, had already secured, before the marriage and when she dwelt in high style in London, entertaining princes and potentates, $300,000 of the aged Lord's money as a loan; and three weeks ago, coming quietly home for more, has concluded to take the balance of Mr. Lord's money with Mr. Lord himself. If that is not cause for aggravation of mind to Mr. Lord's children, we know not what would be.

And still, with all our sympathy for the sons and daughters, so suddenly bereft of a fathers' love and money, we have an abundance left for the ancient man himself, who, at the advanced age of 83, chooses to fall in love and is cruelly told that it is an act of such insanity as to cause the law to step in to rob him of his bride and his cash; as, between the boys and their dad, it would seem that the sire has the best right to the money, and as to his title to his bride there can be no dispute, since she gave herself or sold herself to him and a cardinal blessed the union. There may fairly be two opinions as to which was the crazy party to such a union, if either was. We refuse to believe that Lord was, just because he was 83. We know men of that age who are better men physically than those of half their years. Several years ago in the mountains of southwest Virginia we came across a husband of 94 and a wife of 40, who had around them several of their offspring, the youngest being four or five years old; in the vicinity dwelt a son of the patriarch's first marriage, some seventy years old; and the man of ninety-four years had the appearance and vigor of but threescore.—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

CURIOUS INSTANCE OF ANIMAL SAGACITY.—A New Zealand paper vouches for the truth of the following story: There is a dog at Taupo, and also a young pig, and these two afford a curious example of animal sagacity and confidence in the *bona fides* of each other. These two animals live at the native pa on the opposite side of Tapuacharuru, and the dog discovered some happy hunting grounds on the other side, and informed the pig. The pig, being only two months old, informed the dog that he could not swim across the river, which at that spot debouches from the lake, but that in time he hoped to share the adventures of his canine friend. The dog settled the difficulty. He went into the river, standing up to his neck in the water, and crouched down; the pig got on his back, clasping his neck with the fore legs. The dog then swam across, thus carrying his chum over. Regularly every morning the two would in this way go across and forage around Tapuacharuru, returning to the pa at night, and if the dog was ready to go home before the pig, he would wait till his friend came down to be ferried over. The truth of this story is vouched for by several who watched the movements of the pair for several weeks.

THERE were 870 failures, involving over $90,000, in New York city last year.

## *News and Other Notings.*

—Archibald Gordon, of Granville, N. C. is the father of twenty-seven sons by one wife.

—Eighty-three murderers, all men, were hanged in the United States in 1877.

—A Texas dog left in Missouri found his way back to his master's house, a distance of 800 miles.

—G. M. Peterson, of Burlington, Vt., has a common house cat, four years old, that weighs twenty-three pounds. Next.

—John H. Mason, of Grassy Lick, Montgomery county, has jus torn down a barn built in 1775 to replace it by one of modern pretensions.

—The office of the Eastern Express Company at Dexter, Maine, was entered Monday night, and four thousand dollars stolen from the safe.

—Mr. Witten, a member of the Virginia House of Delegates from Tazewell county, is the father of sixteen children, including five pairs of twins.

—Mr. James C. Flood, of Nevada, is a generous man. He gave to various charitable institutions Christmas gifts amounting to more than $6,000.

—What is called a one-legged railroad is being made near Oil City, Pa. There is a single iron rail on which saddle shaped cars are to run, guided by wooden rails lower down.

—Crockett county (Tenn.) *Sentinel*: W. F. Poston has a hog eighteen months old that measures six feet seven inches from stem to stern and three feet six inches around the neck.

—The debt of Pennsylvania unprovided for by bonds and cash in the sinking fund is $13,352,386. Pittsburgh alone can see that and go a couple of millions better. Philadelphia can quintuple it.

—A cave, supposed to be a tramps' resort, has been discovered at Waterbury, Conn. It is thirteen feet deep and is fitted up with a stove, chandelier, bunks and other household conveniences.

—A private letter received in Boston announces the death of Rev. Mr. Tracey, for forty years a missionary of the American board in India. He was born in Norwich, Conn., and was 72 years of age.

—Statistics for last month in various parts of the country show that a green Chris mas cut down the usual mortality about twenty per cent. But epigrams should never fool with mathematics.

—State Legislatures are now in session in Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Mississippi, Nevada, New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania.

—The Uniontown Express east on the Baltimore and Ohio road struck a woman named Jones on Monday evening, between Moore's and Armstrong's stations, killing her instantly. She lived at Armstrong's and was thought to be intoxica ed.

—The Richmond *Whig* says: Mrs. Elizabeth Bowyer, mother of Mr. Wm. Bowyer, has a young cow two years old last August that gave milk regularly for five months before it had a calf, giving about one half a gallon at each milking.

—The last of the bodies buried in the Barclay street ruins, New York, has been recovered. There are no more bodies there; all the facts show that eight were lost within the walls, and two persons were crushed to death on the sidewalk.

—The London *Advertiser* learns on reliable authority that official information has been received in St. Petersburg that the Chinese have massacred 15,000 men, women and children at the Kashgarian town of Maras, committing most frightful atrocities.

—Kiron Carroll, a lawyer of Rome, N. Y., aged fifty years, dropped dead on Saturday while on his way to the funeral of his brother, Hon. Geo K. Carroll, of Camden, N. Y., who dropped dead Wednesday. Their father and brother both dropped dead.

—Victor Emanuel, King of Italy, died on last Wednesday afternoon, in the 58th year of his age. The full name of the deceased, with all the titles attached, was about two yards long, though it was not that, but military emption, whatever that is, that caused his death.

—A telegram from Rome says Cardinal Manning has submitted to the College of Cardinals a proposal, that on the death of Pius IX. the conclave assemble at Malta. The Sacred College is divided in opinion on the matter. The Italian Cardinals are indisposed to accept the proposal.

—Probably the tallest man in the United State is Henry Thurston, a native of Missouri, now residing in Titus county, Texas, formerly a confederate soldier, who stands 7 feet 6 inches in his bare feet. Barnum offered him a large sum to join his exhibition, but he very modestly declined.

—Even dried acorns have their uses. Sparks from a defective flue set fire to some clothing in an upper room of a house in New Hampshire, when a lot of acorns on the floor were made by the heat to pop so loudly that the family heard the noise, and running up stairs ex inguished the fire.

—Rev. Father Mauzer, pastor of St. Mary's Roman Catholic church, Newark, called on a firm of carriage-makers in that city, on Friday, and handed them $80, which one of his parishioners had admitted in the confessional to have stolen from them while in their employ several years ago.

—A lawyer and his wife in Lafayette, Ky., got drunk on New Year's day. They smashed the windows of their dining room and the glass of the pictures, tore down the curtains, killed two birds, broke a dog's leg, whipped a servant girl. Their case is to be considered by the church of which they are members.

—A singular accident occurred on Satchell Creek, Kan., recently. A party of hunters were loading up a team preparatory to starting for Wichita, when one of the men threw an ax into the wagon, which discharged a shot-gun loaded with buckshot. The charge entered his head, and he was killed instantly.

—Mr. George Llewellyn, of Chester Springs, Chester county, a few days since caught a live weasel at that place which was entirely white, with the exception of the tip of its tail, which was black. About a year ago the same gentleman caught a similar one there which he disposed of for the snug little sum of fifteen dollars.

—The day of reckoning for swindling life insurance officials has come. Two Presidents—Case and Lambert—of New York companies have just been sent to State's Prison for crookedness, and now a Connecticut Grand Jury has indicted the President, Secretary and General Manager of the Charter Oak for conspiracy to defraud the policy holders.

—A girl baby was born in Nebraska recently with but one leg, and that was covered alternately with red and white stripes, the latter being a brighter color than the rest of the girl. The local physician insists that the mind of the child's mother has for a long time been engrossed with the subject of ornamented hose, and that her husband, being a man of moderate means, was unable to gratify her longing for red and white stripes.

—A young man named Geo. W. Creagh, nineteen years old, died in Pittsburgh, Friday night, through sheer fright. He had been sick two days in a room in the rear of a store which took fire and was consumed. During the progress of the flames he arose from his bed and walked to the window—looking out he saw the fire, which completely unnerved him and he died four hours afterward from the effects of fright, as stated by his physician.


That old Brick Building at 6th and Market in Philadelphia where Wanamaker and Brown STARTED to earn a good name by making ONLY Real Good Clothing is this year "Full and running over" with that kind of Clothing that Men and Boys may = DEPEND ON Please Call W&B OAK Hall.


—The Ottawa *Times* says that some time ago the citizens of Mendota were surprised to learn that a married couple, who had apparently lived in peace and harmony in Illinois, had been divorced in Kansas. The mystery is now explained. The husband had homesteaded 160 acres of fine farming land, and there was another 160 acres adjoining not yet taken up. The pair were divorced, the widow entered the vacant quarter section, and established her claims as the head of a family. When this was done the pair were remarried, and now have a fine farm of half a section.

—A few days since Mr. W. Miller, of Uniontown, Pa., who, like Nimrod of old, is a mighty hunter, and keeps a pack of fifteen hounds, captured an earless wild hog in the mountains of Fayette county. The animal not only has no auricular appendages, but has no orifice in the head for the admission of sound, and is consequently totally deaf. It also has but one eye, which, however, is large enough for two, being nearly two inches in diame er. The animal will weigh about one hundred pounds and is as ferocious as a bear. Mr. Miller will send it to the Zoological Garden in Philadelphia.

—The King of Spain is to be married in the Basilica of Atocha, at Madrid, on the 23d of January. The Princess Mercedes will arrive at Madrid only one hour before the ceremony. The fetes are to last five days, during which time theatrical representations and bull-fights are to be provided for the people free. A banquet is to be given to a thousand of the poor of Madrid in the Prado, and there are to be historical processions in the Plaza de Toros, the nobles of Spain being invited to take part in cavalcades. All children born on the 23d are to be dowered, and 50,000 pesetas are to be distributed among the poor.

—In Lancaster, last week, William A. Hambright, a young school teacher, who had only been married last May, was tried on *twenty-one indictments* for stealing from hotels, market wagons, stores and houses a variety of goods, such as shoes, blankets, vests, pantaloons, sugar and beefsteak.—The defence was "kleptomania," and the young wife of the accused was put on the stand to testify as to his recent peculiar conduct and oddities. The jury acquitted the accused on nineteen indictments and convicted him on two—one for stealing a beefsteak and the other for walking off with sugar that belonged to somebody else. He was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment.

—A singular case of suicide occurred at Wheeling, W. Va., on Thursday night. Henry Daub, a well-known citizen of that place, who was once very wealthy, shot himself through the heart. He had been married twice, and had quarrelled with his second wife, who turned him out of the house and is said to have commenced leading a dissolute life. Late Thursday afternoon he showed a revolver to a friend and said he intended to kill himself on his first wife's grave. As he could not be found next morning, the friend went out to Mount Calvary Cemetery, and there upon his wife's grave, covered with a foot of snow, his body was found, and beside it lay the revolver with which he had shot himself. This is the third suicide among the Germans in Wheeling within three weeks.

A CURIOUS STORY FROM NORTH CAROLINA.—It is a fact not generally known that the cemetery of the Methodist church in Hendersonville, N. C., contains a petrified human body. About the year 1836 Miss Adeline Byers lived with her father, Francis C. Byers, fifteen miles south of that place, in Henderson county. She was a bright, sweet girl, much beloved by all who knew her, and her hand was sought in marriage even before she was of marriageable age. At last she was won by William Pinkney Murray, whom she had known long and well. Soon the nuptials were celebrated and the b ide and bridegroom set out in search of a new country, following the setting sun to the Mississippi valley. There they located and began the journey of life together in real earnest. Prosperity and happiness came to them, until at an unexpected moment death cut down Mrs. Murray in the very prime of life. The disconsolate widower, consigning the body of his deceased wife to the dust, as he supposed, sought "surcease of sorrow" in the wilds of Texas. A few years afterward Dr. Josiah Johnston, intending to return to North Carolina, whence he had removed with his brother-in-law, Mr. Murray, disinterred the body of Mrs. Murray for the purpose of carrying it back with him. Imagine how amazed he was to find it in the coffin just as he had seen it there years before. The same features—almost the very same expression. But what he saw was not flesh—it was solid stone. The whole body had petrified. In that condition he carried it to North Carolina, and delivered it to the aged father, Mr. Byers, who could hardly doubt that his daughter had come to him asleep! The news spread that Adeline's body had been "turned into a rock," and great was the desire of everybody to see it. Attempts were made, it is said, to steal it out of the cellar where the old gentleman had carefully concealed it, but they were unsuccessful. All through the war it was guarded by the father as the most sacred trust, but few persons being allowed to see it. About six years ago, however, it was quietly buried in the Methodist cemetery at Hendersonville, where, it is hoped, it will be permitted to rest until the "resurrection morn."


PRICELESS DISCOVERY.

**Sure Cure for Piles.**

A sure cure for the blind, bleeding, itching and ulcerated piles has been discovered by Dr. William—an Indian remedy—called Dr. William's Indian Ointment. A single bottle has cured the worst old chronic cases of twenty-five and thirty years' standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions, instruments and electuaries do more harm than good. William's Ointment supports the tumors, allays the intense itching (particularly at night after getting warm in bed), acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for Piles and nothing else. Thousands of cured patients attest its virtues, and physicians of all schools pronounce it the greatest contribution to medicine of the age. It matters not how long or severely you have been suffering, you can be cured.

Mr. Joseph M. Snider, Cleveland, Ohio, writes: I suffered for years with Itching and Ulcerated Piles, tried remedy after remedy advertised, and consulted physicians in Philadelphia, Louisville, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and this city; and spent hundreds of dollars, but found no relief until I obtained a box of Dr. William's Indian Ointment, some four months ago, and it has cured me completely. I had a part of the box left which I gave to a friend of mine who had doctored with many physicians, and as a last resort went to the noted Hot Springs, Arkansas, for treatment. He informs me that the Indian Ointment has also cured him of the Piles. It is certainly a wonderful discovery, and should be used by the many thousands who are now suffering with that dread disease.

☞ $10,000 Reward will be paid for a more certain remedy. Sold by all Druggists. DR. G. W. FRAZIER, sole proprietor, Cleveland, O.

**DON'T NEGLECT A COUGH**

or Cold, when 25 cts. will buy a bottle of Dr. Frazier's Cough Syrup at any drug store. It has wrought a complete change in Cough medicines, is pleasant as honey, and always cures.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

☞ Dr. Frazier's Cough Syrup, used in connection with Dr. Frazier's Root Bitters will cure CONSUMPTION.

STANDARD STEAM LAUNDRY, Cleveland, O., Oct. 30, '76.

DR. FRAZIER.—Dear Sir; I feel it a duty I owe to suffering humanity to write you. For some time I was sorely afflicted with a cough, raising bad stuff, with every appearance of being a confirmed consumptive. I tried different medicines and cures without finding relief; I also consulted three of our most prominent Cleveland physicians, the last one of whom pronounced my case serious, and informed me that I could not live more than a few months. About this time, hearing of your wonderful success, I commenced taking your Syrup in connection with your Root Bitters, and was at once benefited, and after using the medicine some two months I find myself entirely cured.

Yours, NOAH DUNN.

☞ Mr. Dunn again writes under date of Aug. 4, 1877.—Dr. Frazier, Dear Sir: I can endorse your medicines more strongly than ever from the fact that it is now nearly one year since I was cured. My lungs are to-day strong and sound, having no return of disease.

☞ The above Medicines speak for themselves. DR. G. W. FRAZIER, Proprietor, Cleveland, O.

For sale by all Druggists.

**The Weekly Dispatch!**

One of the Choicest, Cheapest and Best Family Newspapers Published.

*EVERYBODY SHOULD READ IT.*

The Pittsburg Weekly DISPATCH, like the Daily, is printed from clean, new type, and is one of the choicest Family papers published. It is a large folio sheet embracing all the more important news of the week, carefully collated and condensed, and omitting nothing essential. Indeed, as a newspaper it is not surpassed by any similar publication in America; while the care with which its selections are made, render it a most reliable journal for the family—a journal replete with interesting reading, and one that cannot fail to please. The Commercial, Financial and Oil Reports of the Weekly DISPATCH are made up with great care, and are always full and reliable, while to the Cattle Market reports equal attention is given. The Weekly DISPATCH is furnished to single subscribers at $1.50 a year, or in clubs of ten at $1.00, with a paper gratis to the party getting up the club. It is the cheapest paper in America, its size and the amount of reading matter it gives considered, and every family should have it.

Address, ROOK & O'NEILL, Publishers Daily and Weekly DISPATCH, Fifth avenue, Pittsburg.

**Manhood: How Lost, How Restored!**

Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical cure (without medicine) of SPERMATORRHŒA, or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, IMPOTENCY, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, &c.; also, CONSUMPTION, EPILEPSY and FITS, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, etc.

☞ Price, in a sealed envelope, only six cents.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

☞ This Essay should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address post paid, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps. Address the Publishers,

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO., 41 Ann Street, New York. Post Office Box 4586. [1-11.-3m.]

S. MARVIN & CO. PITTSBURGH PAN CAKE FLOUR

With cold water or sweet milk make a batter and bake on a hot griddle. Ask your Grocer for it. [1-11.-3t.]

RHEUMATIC COMPOUND!

COLUMBUS, O., February 3, 1876. Messrs. R. E. Sellers & Co.: I take great pleasure in stating that the bottle of your "Johnson's Rheumatic Compound" cured me of a very bad attack of Rheumatism. It was recommended to me by Mr. F. Kramer, of your city, who was cured by its use.

JOHN HAYS, 22 New Front Street.

PRICE $1.00. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

R. E. Sellers & Co., Prop'rs, Pittsburgh, Pa.

☞ SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS [2-18.-1y.]

40 Extra Fine M

# THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

**Ebensburg, Pa.,**

*FRIDAY, - - JAN. 11, 1878.*


## LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

### *Here, There, and the Other Place.*

—It was dangerous to be safe on the sidewalks yesterday.

—Sinners surely stand on slippery places just now, but it keeps some of them awful busy.

—If Madame Rumor speaks truly, the Altoona *Morning Globe* is about to be resuscitated.

—Why is a universally recognized fact like the first man created? Because it is a-parent to all.

—Is your life worth 25 cents? If it is do not neglect a cough or cold. Use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup at once.

—County Auditors Ross, Porter and McCormick are getting in their work on the receipts and expenditures of "Little Cambria."

—Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is recommended by all druggists as being a purely vegetable and reliable preparation for babies. Price 25 cents.

—A cow owned by Mr. Joseph Hart, of Hollidaysburg, for the third time in as many years gave birth on Sunday night last to twin calves.

—A three-year-old son of Mr. George Kohler, of Franklin borough, fell into a boiler of hot water, on Friday last, and was pretty severely scalded.

—Rev. J. N. M'Gonigle, recently of this place, was duly installed as pastor of the Presbyterian church at Parker, Pa., on Thursday night of last week.

—Our Chest township corresponden: gives the full particulars of the tragic death of Mr. George Helfrich, not John Helfrich, as the *Herald* had it in its last issue.

—Twenty-four merchants of Johnstown have mutually agreed to "shut up shop" at 8 o'clock every evening. Why should not our merchants go and do likewise?

—Mr. John Litzinger, son of Mr. Daniel Litzinger, is said to have died of consumption at his home in Clearfield township a few days ago. May he rest in peace.

—Pleasant as honey, the old folks like it, the young people like it, and the babies cry for it. We mean Dr. Frazier's Cough Syrup. [12-21.-1y.]

—Bishop Tuigg, of Pittsburgh, and Bishop Kane, of Wheeling, W. Va., were the guests on Monday night last of Rev. O. P. Gallagher, pastor of St. John's church, Johnstown.

—Since the discovery of Dr. William's Indian Ointment there is certainly no excuse for any one to suffer with the Piles. See special notice. [12-21 1y.]

—The Pittsburgh papers report that two tramps were found frozen to death between two cars of a western-bound freight train which arrived at Torrens station on Tuesday morning.

—A human face, perfectly formed, the exquisite handiwork of that wonderful artist Jack Frost, was observable on one of the window panes of our office on Wednesday morning last.

—Mr. J. Todd Hutchinson, whose serious illness at Edenburg, Clarion county, we noticed a few weeks ago, reached his home in this place on Wednesday night last much improved in health.

—The Pa. R. R. depot in Gaysport (Hollidaysburg), was slightly damaged by fire, supposed to have originated from the heater in the cellar, on Wednesday night of last week. Loss about $200.

—One at least of the jurrors drawn to serve at the March term of Court cannot respond to the mandate, as he was summoned to appear before a higher tribunal, and the which all of us will have to face sooner or later.

—The County Commissioners having authorized Sheriff Ryan to pay the special police employed in and about Johnstown during the railroad troubles in July last, which some will cost the county a considerable sum of money.

—A German named Christ. Rhodes, an employe of the Blair Iron and Coal Co. at Hollidaysburg, was caught between two cars on Sunday morning of last week and so badly crushed that he died in less than twenty-four hours after.

—Mr. Simon Schroth and a young man named Gens, both residents of Carrolltown, left for Salina, Kansas, on Wednesday night last, for the purpose of bettering their fortunes, if possible, in that or some other part of the great West.

—Mr. Samuel Lemon, brother of Senator Lemon, has left Hollidaysburg for Brazil, whither he goes to take a hand in building the Madeira and Mamore railroad, for the construction of which Messrs. P. & T. Collins are the contractors.

—Mr. Joseph Parke, of East Conemaugh, has been appointed road foreman of engines on the Tyrone division, and Mr. E. K. Russell, foreman of the upper roundhouse at Altoona has been made his successor on the western end of the Pittsburgh division.

—Dr. Hoffman, surgeon dentist, will be at Wilmore on Tuesday, Jan. 22d, and at Carrolltown on Friday following, Jan. 25th, and what he intends to do, or will be prepared to do, when he visits each of those places, is of course apparent to all. [2t.]

—The lifeless remains of a whisky flask were found on the sidewalk on Centre street, between Main and Sample streets, on Wednesday morning last. There was nothing to show the cause of its death, but a single glance sufficed to convince that the spirit had indeed departed.

—Turn it as you will, view it in any light you please, the fact still remains unquestioned and unquestionable that A. A. Barker & Son, Ebensburg and Carrolltown, give more goods of the best quality for the same amount of money than any other dealer on top or at the base of the Alleghenies.

—We should have stated last week that Mr. Jacob Kirkpatrick assumed on the 1st inst. the position assigned him at the late election as one of the Poor Directors of Cambria county—an office which we are sure no more honest, upright or conscientious man has ever been called upon to fill.

—A four-foot vein of bituminous coal of excellent quality has been unearthed on the farm of Mr. Frank Mullen, in Summerhill township, about two miles from Wilmore, and as the coal is quite accessible and not far from the railroad, the discovery promises to be a big bonanza for the fortunate owner.

—At an election held in Chest township on Tuesday last, on the question of dividing the township, the vote stood 112 for and 22 against the proposed division. The new township thus created is to be called Elder, with the middle of Chest creek as the boundary line, all west of that stream to comprise the new township.

—Mr. Cal. Edelblute, who accidentally shot himself in the face a few weeks ago, made his first appearance on the streets since the accident on Wednesday last. He carried his head in a sling and presented a rather shattered appearance, but we are glad to know that he is still worth several dead men and that what is left of him is in a fair way of recovery.

—A telegram published in the Pittsburgh papers of Tuesday morning last reports that the telegraph operator at Cresson observed a man clinging to one of the platforms of the Day Express east on Sunday last, and at once telegraphed the fact to Gallitzin, where the train was signaled and stopped and the man taken off, but he died on the following morning from the effects of cold and exposure.

—We publish a letter elsewhere relative to the sights seen and impressions made by a recent hurried trip through the oil regions which will well repay perusal. It is from the pen of a very intelligent and respected lady friend who not only knows how to write for the press, but is amply qualified, if need were, to put her contributions in type after they are written. We hope to hear from her often.

—Mr. James G. Hasson has received from Prothonotary O'Donnell the appointment of deputy, and entered with his chief upon the discharge of official duties on Monday last. Jimmy is an excellent penman, and being fully posted in the routine business of that and all other offices about the Court House, he will no doubt prove himself as competent as the position as any man that could have been selected.

—A vigorous old gentleman in Clearfield township, aged about 65 years, has recently accomplished the rare feat of burying one wife and marrying another inside of three months. The last wife is about seventeen years his junior, but it don't follow from that fact that she will live long enough to see him marry another one.

—Hon. John H. Bailey, who was elected a Judge of the Courts of Allegheny county at the November election, was sworn into office on Monday last. He is the first and only Democrat who has been elevated to the judiciary in that county since the power of electing judges was given to the people. He is an able lawyer and in every way qualified for the high position.

—No man or woman who values their health should dispense with gum overshoes during the present sloppy season, and no man or woman who consults the interests of their pocket-books should go elsewhere than to the cheap cash store of A. A. Barker & Son, Ebensburg and Carrolltown, to buy overshoes or anything else they may need for household or personal use.

—Mr. C. F. O'Donnell, Prothonotary, and W. Horace Rose, Esq., District Attorney, took the requisite oaths of office on Monday last. The latter gentleman is his own successor, and has made a record for himself that he has every reason to be proud of, and Mr. O'Donnell will no doubt prove himself equally competent and courteous in the discharge of the duties which have just devolved upon him.

—Don't conclude because the holidays are over that all desirable goods at the popular cheap cash store of Myers & Lloyd have been disposed of, or that they are less prepared or less willing to supply everybody with the best of goods at the very lowest prices. They still have an abundant and elegant stock of dry goods, groceries, etc., and there is not a man in the business who can undersell them.

—We had a call on Wednesday last from our genial friend and patron, Mr. Michael Fitzharris, the popular and pleasant proprietor of the St. Charles' hotel, Altoona, which, however, he has to vacate on the first of April, without a certainty as to where he will pitch his tent after that date, although he has an eye on the Miller House, Greensburg, at present in the occupancy of Capt. John Porter.

—We welcome back our old Chest township correspondent under a new name, and can fully endorse all he says about the fitness of Mr. Chas. Langbein for the office of Register and Recorder, to which he aspires. Mr. L. is an energetic, high-minded citizen of northern Cambria, a sound Democrat, a good penman, and an intelligent, worthy gentleman, and if called upon to serve he will not be found wanting in any particular.

—This region was favored with a fall of eight or ten inches of snow a few days ago, but as it was of a dry, harsh character, it did not serve very well for sleighing purposes. Wednesday, however, brought a cold rain, which still prevails as we write on Thursday forenoon, and is freezing as fast as it falls, thus rendering the roads admirable for sleighing purposes. P. S. The rain has quit freezing and the snow is rapidly disappearing.

—We do this week what we should have done last week, award the meed of praise to Harry Slep, Esq., of the Altoona *Mirror*, for a good act well done in furnishing a bountiful New Year's dinner for the fourth time in the history of that journal to the carrier boys connected with that establishment. Mr. Slep is not only an enterprising and affable gentleman, but he has a generous heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness.

—If you must slip down, and in the present icy condition of the sidewalks it seems almost impossible to avoid it, you will do well to slip down to Jas. J. Murphy's Star Clothing Hall, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, and buy yourself a neat and elegant suit of clothes, the prices whereof have been so much reduced since the holidays that a complete outfit for man or boy can now be bought for $5 and upward. Also, the finest white shirt in the market for $1.

—Prothonotary O'Donnell set it up on several of his friends, on Monday last, in shape of a sumptuous dinner served at the Mountain House as only "mine host" of that well-regulated establishment knows how to get up a square meal. Happening to be one of the invited guests, we can bear ample testimony to the quantity and quality of the viands, for a fair share of which we return our thanks to the gentleman who so generously provided and paid for the bountiful feast.

—In answer to several inquiries, we would say that all who pay for the FREEMAN until January 20th, 1879, at the rate of $1.75 per year in the county, or $1.90 outside of the county, will be furnished with the premium book, which will be ready for delivery in the early part of February. Parties who have paid for a portion of the coming volume, which begins two weeks hence, will therefore understand that it is necessary to pay in full to the above date before they can receive the "Home Guide."

—The Johnstown *Democrat* of last week mentioned the name of our old and esteemed fellow-citizen, John Fenlon, Esq., in connection with the Democratic nominations for Assembly in this county. We have no hesitation in saying that if Mr. Fenlon, who had considerable experience in his younger days in the halls of legislation, is chosen as one of the two members of the Legislature from "Little Cambria," he will be found as true, faithful and efficient as any one who has been there since he himself quitted the portals of the State capitol in the year 1849.

—Maggie Farrell, a twelve-year-old niece of Rev. John Boyle, pastor of the Church of the Holy Name in this place, died of inflammatory rheumatism at the home of her parents in Pittsburgh, on last Saturday afternoon. The deceased, who spent several months in our town year before last, will be remembered by many of our people as a modest, sweet-faced little girl, who was a universal favorite among her young associates, to whom, as well as to all who knew her only to appreciate her winning ways, she was greatly endeared. May she rest in peace.

—The concert on Friday evening last was much more of an ovation than even the most sanguine friends of the Ebensburg silver cornet band could have anticipated, the Court House being well filled and the receipts aggregating about thirty dollars. The vocal and instrumental music furnished on the occasion was for the most part well rendered, but a more varied programme would no doubt have given greater satisfaction. The singing of Miss Mollie Davis, the comic song by Doc. Thompson, and the music by the band were received with special marks of favor.

—Having failed to get as good a bid as it is believed can be obtained for the Gantner farm, which, as we have already informed our readers, is located in Carroll township, within two miles of Carrolltown, and contains 153 acres, 100 of which are cleared, with all necessary improvements, the sale has been postponed until Wednesday, Jan. 30th, at 1 o'clock, p. m., when it will take place at Blum's Hall, in the borough of Carrolltown. The farm in question is one of the best in northern Cambria and is underlaid with an abundance of iron ore, coal and fire clay.

—The large barn on the farm of Mr. John Williams, in Cambria township, about one mile and a half northeast of this place, was burned to the ground between 1 and 2 o'clock yesterday morning, and some 400 bushels of oats, a lot of hay, and much other property were lost in the conflagration. The fire was in all probability either the work of an incendiary or caused by the carelessness of some one or more of the tramping fraternity who may have taken lodging for the night in the building. We did not learn the extent of the loss, if indeed it has been estimated, but understand there is an insurance of $450 in the Ætna.!

—The farmer he sat in his easy chair, smoking his pipe of clay, while his hale old wife, with busy care, was clearing the dinner away; then all at once the farmer arose, as if on some project intent, and taking a view of his thread-bare clothes, straightway to Altoona he went; and when he got there he found, without doubt, in a trice, that everything man needs to wear can be bought at a wonderful price from Godfrey Wolff, who keeps a store large and complete next the P.O., on famous Twelfth street, and who just has reduced to less than cost price, corporals and heavy clothing well made and of styles very nice.

—Constable Wherley of this place succeeded on Wednesday last, after the employment of a good deal of strategy in arresting a young and powerfully-built man named Wm. McCall, who is charged with committing sundry depredations in the railroad ticket office at Portage station, prominet among which was an assault and battery on the person of the agent at that place. The alleged offences were perpetrated several months ago, and although several efforts were made since then to arrest the guilty party, he managed to elude the vigilance of the officers until our rather diminutive Wherley succeeded by dint of perseverence and a vast amount of ingenuity in laying his hands upon him. The prisoner was brought to this place in a sleigh and committed to jail the same evening.

—The Seaboard Pipe Line Company having secured the right of way from Butler county to Baltimore, or near that city, the work of laying down the pipe will be commenced on the first of April and completed, it is expected, during the coming summer. The company is under the control of capitalists in the oil region who are engaged in the production of that article, and is styled "The Producers' Union." The pipe will be 4½ inches in diameter, and will be laid 2½ feet under the surface of the ground. It will have a daily capacity of *six thousand barrels*, and will be operated during both day and night. The line will be 230 miles long, 40 miles of which will be located in Maryland. It will cross the Carrolltown road about four miles north of this place, and will pass between Chest Springs and St. Augustine.

—The same series of events which have just culminated in the induction of Mr. C. F. O'Donnell into the Prothonotary's office have of course made it imperative upon Mr. Bernard McColgan to retire from that position; and in noting this fact we deem it due to the latter gentleman to say that his entire official career was marked with strict and faithful attention to business and by the most courteous and gentlemanly intercourse with all who had business relations with him. He has our best wishes for his future health and prosperity, and ever gratefully shall we remember that he was not only one of the most prompt-paying officials for whom we did work of any kind, but that he at all times acted on the principle that the Democratic papers of the county were justly and by right of service to the party entitled to the patronage of his office.

—A dwelling house on a farm in Barr township owned by Mr. Thomas Griffith, of this place, and just vacated by the family of Mr. Geo. E. Kruge, who had removed to a new house on the same place, but had as yet taken nothing away but stoves, bedding, and a few other articles, caught fire in some mysterious way about 3 o'clock on Friday morning last and was totally destroyed, together with about 80 bushels of corn in the ear, 30 bushels of rye, 8 bushels of wheat, 10 bushels of buckwheat and 10 bushels of barley, besides three sets of good harness and a lot of household furniture, etc. How the fire originated is unknown, although the presumption is that a defective flue had something to do with it. There had been fire in the house the day previous, but care was taken to extinguish every ember before leaving the premises. We did not learn the extent of Mr. Kruge's loss, but as he is he is a poor man it is heavy enough to be felt very seriously by him, though his energy and industry will no doubt enable him to overcome the misfortune before a great while.

AN OUTRAGE THAT IS NOT TO GO UNPUNISHED.—One of the best citizens of our town—a gentleman who stands high in the community and has the respect and esteem of all who know him—has just cause for complaint at the insults and indignities heaped upon the members of his very excellent family and their gentleman escort while on their way to and returning from the concert at the Court House on Friday evening last, and the young blackguards who bandied his name from mouth to mouth, for the purpose of creating a laugh at the expense of one of his most accomplished daughters and the gentleman who accompanied them, will find themselves called to account before long in a way they least expected, but well deserve. The aggrieved gentleman has fully made up his mind to teach the beardless ruffians a lesson that they will not soon forget, and in so doing he will receive the thanks and encouragement of a community that has long been disgraced by the infamous conduct of a certain class of young men unfortunately too well known in our town. He has already obtained the names of several parties implicated in the outrage complained of, and as soon as he completes the list, which he anticipates no trouble in doing, he proposes to make an example of them that cannot fail to strike terror into their hearts and prove to their sorrow that they cannot longer insult respectable people on the public streets or elsewhere with brazen affrontery and without any fear as to the consequence. In this, as we have said, the gentleman in question well deserves and will receive the approval of every right-minded person in the community, and the punishment he proposes is not only well-merited, but of a character which is abundantly calculated to crush out this great and growing evil in our midst. God speed the good work, say we

FOUND DEAD.—The lifeless remains of an unknown man were found on last Sunday afternoon lying beside the track of the Ebensburg and Cresson railroad, at what is known as Lilly's crossing, not far beyond Munster, and a letter discovered in one of his pockets, dated at Pleasantville, Bedford county, and evidently written by himself and addressed to some party in Altoona, left no doubt that his name was James McCarty, and the presumption is that he was on his way to the latter city, though an undirected envelope, bearing the printed card of an Altoona business house, which was found on his person, might be accepted as an evidence that he was returning from that place. Be that as it may, there was nothing to show that he had been frozen to death, as reported by some of the papers, while all the surroundings pointed very plainly to the fact that heart disease or some equally expeditious melody, had thus sadly and strangely ended his earthly career. When found he had a carpet-sack clutched tightly in one hand, while the other hand was thrust into one of his pockets, which showed very conclusively that death had come upon him without a moment's warning. We did not learn whether any inquest was held on the remains, or whether anything valuable was found in his possession, but the latter we presume was not the case, as the body was removed to the poor-house and on Monday last buried in Potter's field at the expense of the county.

A SKILLFUL PHYSICIAN.—Dr. George H. Keyser, of this city, is so well-known to the community in which he has been in successful practice for such a long series of years, that it is scarcely necessary to mention the location of his office. For the benefit of the few who may not be familiar with it, however, it may be stated that it is at No. 240 Penn avenue. The doctor, in his special lines of practice, may be said to be almost without a peer in this country. A lengthy experience and years of study have made him most thoroughly familiar with pulmonary complaints, and likewise with all that class of diseases that are to be cured by trusses and appliances of that character. Dr. Keyser is one of the best educated men in this locality—particularly so in his profession and in the particular branches of it to which we have referred. His thorough knowledge of diseases of this character and their treatment insure absolute safety, and those who place their reliance on him can rest assured that their faith is firmly grounded.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.* [1-11.-1m.]

—A young woman named Orphia Graffius, formerly of Punxsutawney, Jefferson county, gave birth to an illegitimate child at the house of Mr. Christopher Graffius, in Altoona, on Monday morning last, and afterwards wrapped it in an old calico skirt and carried it up stairs and deposited it in her trunk, shutting down the lid. Mrs. Graffius, learning what had happened, subsequently found the child in the girl's trunk, and her husband, supposing that it had met with a violent death, made information against the mother of the infant, but a coroner's inquest, after hearing all the evidence, came to the conclusion that the child was still-born.

OUT OF THE WHEEL.—The following named gentlemen were on Friday last drawn to serve as Grand and Traverse Jurors at the ensuing term of Court, commencing on Monday, March 4th, 1878:

GRAND JURORS.

Burgoon Lewis, farmer, Allegheny twp.
Barrett Jeremiah, wag on-maker, Yoder twp.
Bradley John F., clerk, Gallitzin bor.
Brown David, farmer, Dean twp.
Buchenesbr Geo., farmer, Adams twp.
Piney James, farmer, Munster twp.
Heslop A., painter, 8th ward, Johnstown.
Kaylor Henry, teacher, Munster twp.
Kuntz Sam'l J., puddler, 5th ward, Johnstown.
Kiper Fred'k, grocer, Richland twp.
Lilly Wm., farmer, Munster twp.
Livingston Josiah, farmer, Adams twp.
Lewis David, farmer, Cambria twp.
McColgan John, merchant, Wilmore bor.
Murton John H., miner, 2d ward, Conemaugh.
Naylor Sam'l J., laborer, Taylor twp.
O'Brien E. A., machinist, E. Conemaugh bor.
Pringle Philip D. M., surveyer, Jackson twp.
Pfoff Conrad, laborer, 2d ward, Conemaugh.
Rippie Christian, moulder, Stony Creek twp.
Stough John L., painter, W. ward, Ebensburg.
Schroth Lawrence, inn-keeper, Carrolltown.
Wilson Robert, miner, 2d ward, Conemaugh.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

Allegheny Twp.—Valentine Bishop, David J. Cramer, James Gorman.
Adams Twp.—Josiah Helsel, Jeremiah Paul.
Barr Twp.—A. Dumm, Jacob White.
Cambria Twp.—Thomas Hoover.
Croyle Twp.—D. W. Luke.
Coopersdale Bor.—Joseph Masters.
Chest Twp.—John Lantzy, Charles Roddy.
Chest Springs Bor.—Anthony J. Will.
Conemaugh Bor.—Lawrence Reich, Andrew Zimmerman.
Dean Twp.—A. D. Flanagan.
East Conemaugh Bor.—John C. Walkinshaw.
Ebensburg Bor.—W. W. Barr, Thomas Fagan.
Franklin Bor.—George Hershberger.
Gallitzin Twp.—John J. McGuire.
Johnstown Bor.—Alver Akers, Henry B. Barnes, John Border, Wm. C. Cadman, John R. Gohn, Jacob Horner, jr., John McGee, Wm. Palmer, David G. Rees, August Severing.
Jackson Twp.—Henry Aosward, Daniel Burket, Samuel Leidy, Wm. Shuman.
Munster Twp.—John Biter, Wm. Glass, John O'Harra.
Millville Bor.—Wm. H. Hess, Wm. O'Brien.
Richland Twp.—John Freidhoff.
Summerhill Twp.—Wm. Doran, Ed. McGlade.
Susquehanna Twp.—Isaac Weakland.
White Twp.—Levi Gates.
Washington Twp.—Michael Litzinger, Adam Myers, Wm. Pringle.

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Adams Twp.—Peter Costlow, Geo. B. Kiper, Hiram Shaffer.
Allegheny Twp.—Michael Driskell, George Flick, F. X. Haid.
Blacklick Twp.—Wm. Duncan.
Barr Twp.—Henry S. Dumm, Bernard McGee.
Clearfield Twp.—Wm. Adams, James Adams, Richard Collins, Henry L. Krise.
Cambria Bor.—Henry Byrne, Edward Griffith, Robert James, Benj. Lloyd, John O'Connell, jr.
Cambria Bor.—John A. Parr, Peter Sirlouis.
Conemaugh Bor.—Sebastian Boxler, John Cox, Wm. Coffenberger, Chas. Schnerr, Wm. Stigerwald.
Carrolltown Bor.—Peter Campbell.
Carroll Twp.—Daniel M. Dumm, D. A. Luther.
Chest Springs Bor.—James Peary.
Dean Twp.—George Hail.
East Conemaugh Bor.—John Hoy.
Ebensburg Bor.—John Gittings, T. W. Shoemaker.
Johnstown Bor.—Gotlelb Bantley, August Brown, George Gocher, Albert B. Petriken, B. F. Speedy.
Loretto Bor.—Joseph Herzog, W. B. Litzinger.
Munster Twp.—Henry Willebrand, jr.
Prospect Bor.—Hugh McMongie,
Summerhill Twp.—James McCann.
Taylor Twp.—James Masterson.
Washington Twp.—Thomas Criste, Julius Eger, Lazarus Reigle.
White Twp.—John H. Fiske.

ARRESTED FOR FORGERY.—From the Johnstown *Tribune* of Tuesday last we clip the following:

The facts in a forgery case in which John W. Westbrook, of Souman, is the principal, have been in our possession for some time past, but at the earnest request of a relative of the individual we have refrained from making note of the same. As the young man has been arrested, however, the affair becomes public property. It seems that in November last John drew a check on the bank of Dibert & Co., in this place, for $240, and endorsed it with the name of M. B. Westbrook, his brother, who is passenger and freight agent at Souman, and who had money on deposit here. This check was presented by the accused at the First National Bank of Altoona, and the money was secured. When it was sent here Dibert & Co. refused to honor it, as we understand there was not at the time sufficient funds of J. N. B. Westbrook in the bank to meet it. It soon leaked out that the check was forged, and John deemed it prudent to skip. He was traced to New York, but in that city was lost sight of.

A few days ago it became known to the police authorities at Altoona that the young man had been seen at Portage, and the chief of police of that city, accompanied by a constable of Washington township, this county, made an effort to capture him, but he got wind that they were trying to effect his arrest, and he eluded their vigilance by concealing himself. On yesterday morning the officers were more successful, as they managed to secure him at his own house in Portage, and he was taken before the Mayor of Altoona, who made a preliminary investigation of the matter, and then sent defendant to jail to await trial, as he was unable to furnish bail for his appearance when wanted. Mr. Westbrook is not more than twenty-six years of age, and has a decidedly fine address, but unfortunately he has got himself into a scrape that may result in his being sent to the penitentiary.

ASTONISHING SUCCESS.—It is the duty of every person who has used BOSHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP to let its wonderful qualities be known to their friends in curing Consumption, severe Coughs, Croup, Asthma, Pneumonia, and in fact all throat and lung diseases. No person can use it without immediate relief. Three doses will relieve any case, and we consider it the duty of all Druggists to recommend it to the poor dying consumptive, at least to try one bottle, as 40,000 dozen bottles were sold last year, and no one case where it failed was reported. Such a medicine as the GERMAN SYRUP cannot be too widely known. Ask your Druggist about it. Sample Bottles to try sold at 10 cents. Regular size 75 cents. For sale by Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg, and Woleslagle & Son, Wilmore.

E. K. THOMPSON'S SWEET WORM POWDERS are doing more good than tongue can tell or pen can write in relieving children and adults of intestinal parasites or worms. Children seven months old have discharged *large worms* after a few doses. Not injurious in the least, pleasant to take, containing no calomel, put up in glass bottles with name of proprietor blown in glass. Enquire of your druggist and take nothing else; or send to E. K. Thompson, Titusville, Pa., Box 1185. Price 25 cents.

Pills sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Druggists and dealers should send for list and prices. For sale by Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—As we were connected with Dr. Quincy A. Scott's dental establishment at the time his Centennial specimens were manufactured, we state positively that those elegant dental specimens which received the Centennial Medal and Diploma, were made by Dr. Quincy A. Scott and his assistants. And we desire also to state that we have been in many dental offices, but have seen dentistry in all its phases, and have never seen work turned out anywhere equal to that made at 278 Penn Avenue. We do not consider it necessary but we also wish to endorse Dr. Quincy A. Scott as a gentleman, upright and honorable in all his social and business relations.

DR. JOHN SCOTT, DR. W. H. PERRY.
DR. JOS. GRAHAM, JOHN. K. AHL.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.—Ben Franklin gave the people of his day a recipe for obtaining health, wealth, and wisdom. The present generation is not supposed to be in want of wisdom, and would prefer happiness combined with health and wealth. The modern way to obtain all these is told in the advertisement of Barrick, Roller & Co., headed "Health and Happiness" in this paper. We cordially recommend our readers to the careful consideration of their advice. [2t.]

WHITE COOKIES.—Take two cups of white sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, one egg, beaten, flavor with nutmeg; add three pints of flour, having in it one and a half measures Banner Baking Powder; roll out thin; cut in shapes and bake. Each can of BANNER Boking Powder contains a measuref to use instead of a spoon. Ask your grocer for the BANNER Powder, and take no oteer

—Many consumptives are now using Dr. Keyser's Root Bitters and Cough Syrup with remarkable success. [12-21.-1y.]

### *Jottings by the Wayside.*

PICKWICK, Jan. 4, 1878.

EDITOR FREEMAN.—To those who have visited the counties comprising what is known as the "oil belt" in years gone by, when the sole hope and expectation of that region was lumber, the changes effected since the discovery of oil seem like the work of magic. A barren, unproductive region, the labor of the tiller of the soil was but ill repaid, as is evinced by the character of the old farm houses still standing, while the few barns yet remaining bear not the faintest resemblance to the structures in this and the eastern parts of the State. Of course, in a very great many instances, the old houses have been replaced by new and more pretentious structures, but they seem to have an uncomfortable look, as though the angles had not yet worn smooth, or as if they had not been built to fit the families occupying them. However, the houses in the "oil towns," and they were all alike as nearly as I could judge, are not by any means intended for fixtures, but are put up in the cheapest and most expeditious manner possible, being merely plank frames, with the inside walls papered and the ceilings formed with breadths of muslin tacked together. Here and there, indeed, an occasional building puts on style on the strength of being plastered, but such are the exceptions, not the rule. Composed of such inflammable material, it is small wonder indeed that a conflagration sweeps everything before it. A fire occurred in one of these "shingle palaces" recently, by which two children were burned to death, although the mother of the little unfortunates was absent from the house not more than five minutes.

The country through the oil belt is dotted with huge derricks, seventy-five or eighty feet in heighth, scarcely a stone's throw from each other; and as each derrick represents about $4,000, some idea of the amount of capital invested may be obtained. Then, too, whenever a "big strike" is made, the flood of eager, struggling humanity surges that way, and towns rise in almost a night—and in some instances as rapidly disappear.

The land not being under cultivation, no fences are to be seen, and roads cross and recross with the most charming disregard of each other; while the steam pipes, by means of which two or three wells are pumped by the same engine, and the oil pipes, which discharge the oil from each well into a common reservoir, run over the surface in every direction. The crude oil is first pumped into the tank connected with the well, and then gauged by an official, who gives the owner a certificate for the amount of oil. It is then, by means of these connecting pipes, carried into the common reservoir, whence it is distributed to the different refineries at Oil City and down the Valley road, as far as Pittsburg.

One peculiarity of the men who most do congregate here, is that they talk nothing but oil, in some one of its various phases. Passing along the streets, you hear nothing but "first, second or third sand," "wild cat," "oil belt," or some other of the phrases which to us are unintelligible, but perfectly understood by those who "live, move and have their being" in oil. Politics doesn't seem to trouble the souls of the men here in the least.

The streets in some of these towns are paved, or planked rather, but withal the crossing of the streets at any but the recognized crossings is a matter of uncertainty. I saw a gentleman only a few days ago, gaze longingly at the other side of the street, then at the sea of mud between, and then at his nicely polished boots—and then he sighed. A little street Arab, who evidently understood the situation, and pitied him, sung out "Mither, there's a crossing down there; you'd better go down." And he went. The mud was deep, but I don't believe it was a thousand feet.

The narrow gauge railroad connecting the town of Clarion with the Allegheny Valley Road was recently completed, and on Monday, the 24th ult., was formally opened. Invited guests, to the number of several hundred, dined at Clarion, and finished the day with a supper and dance at Emlenton, the point of junction with the Valley Road. The supper at Emlenton was given at the large hotel at the depot, and of which a whilom Ebensburger, Mr. James A. Kittell, does the honors, and very gracefully too. The road is finished nicely, and is no doubt as safe as roads generally are, but it does give one a nervous feeling to watch a train crossing a deep ravine on trestle work that at a short distance looks about as substantial as a spider web. The scenery along the road is highly picturesque, and the effect is hightened by going over it at night, when the burning gas from the wells casts an unearthly glare over the surroundings. In most places where this gas from the wells is abundant, they utilize it by carrying it through pipes into their dwellings, where stoves are heated with it. It answers the purpose admirably, and besides that is perfectly clean, which is a great item in the estimation of those notable housewives who "kill themselves keeping things clean."

Contrary to the general reputation of towns built by persons flocking in the direction of the last "strike," the towns in the oil region are law abiding and church going. Their churches are generally tastefully built, and during the holidays were beautifully decorated with evergreens. The services on Sabbath are well attended, and as there are no trains run on any of the roads in that region on that day, the employes are given a chance to "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy."

Wishing you a happy New Year, I am
Your friend, M.

### *Local Correspondence.*

ST. LAWRENCE, Jan. 5, 1878.

DEAR FREEMAN—Having had my business vocation for a short time is my only apology for failing to correspond with the spicy FREEMAN for some time past. The only excitement in Democratic Chest is the division of the township, which, as you are aware, will be decided by ballot on next Tuesday. The division is a hotly contested one, and although I cannot say you may rest assured that the township will be divided; and before you go to press you will no doubt learn the result. The division of Chest will give us two more delegates, and also a larger vote than heretofore, the pieces of it now being more accessible to many old Democratic residents who have heretofore remained away from the polls on account of the long distance to be travelled.

Mr. Adam Leiden, a worthy and enterprising citizen of this place, was dangerously injured on last Saturday, at Carrolltown, by a kick he received in a vital part of the body, from a vicious horse. Mr. L.'s condition is such that he will have to remain in Carrol ltown for some time before he will be able to reach home.

Mr. Adam Gallagher, a kind, peaceable citizen of this township, came to an untimely death on the 29th ult. He had gone to the woods for the purpose of cutting timber, and had patially felled a large tree, when it lodged against another one, and in the effort to dislodge it the second one came down upon him, crushing his body in a fearful manner. The deceased, who was a childless widower, had been making his home with Mr. Geo. Simmelsberger for a number of years, and at the time of his death was aged about 73. His remains were followed to St. Boniface church-yard by a large concourse of relatives and friends.

John G. Gill, Esq., of this village, has built himself a neat and cozy office, adjoining his handsome and comfortable residence, where he will administer justice without fear, favor, or affection. Dr. J. B. Noonan has also built a neat and substantial office near his residence, where he can be consulted in regard to all the diseases that men, women and children are heir to.

Messrs. Charles Langbein and Jacob Thomas have contracted with different responsible parties within the last few days to stock in something over two million feet of hard timber, in time for the Spring drive. Gates Bros. have also contracted with parties to stock in a large amount of timber, and should the Spring season prove a propitious one, the citizens of Cambria county will be greatly benefited through the energy and enterprise of these gentlemen.

We have learned through the columns of the FREEMAN the names of a number of aspirants who are anxious to serve the *dear people*. We have also had several letters and personal visits from good and reliable Democrats who are anxious to secure the delegates at the next county convention. Now we don't wish to say one word against the claims of any Democrat who has announced himself, or any *reliable* Democrat who may hereafter announce himself, but we take this liberty (without the consent of the gentleman in question) to remark that Chest and Elder townships will present the name of Mr. Charles Langbein for the office of Register and Recorder at the coming convention, and when we urge the claims of Mr. Langbein it is only after the sentiments of all who know him that he is eminently fit for the office, being a practical and thorough business man and largely identified with the best interests of northern Cambria; and we further state, without disparagement to other candidates for the same office, that Mr. L. is a ripe English and German scholar, the latter qualification being much needed in that as well as in all other business pursuits. Yours, &c., GLENN.

### HYMENEAL.

GILL—KREEVIS.—Married, at St. Lawrence church, on Monday, Jan. 7, 1878, by Rev. Father Edmund, Mr. PHILIP GILL and Miss ELIZABETH KREEVIS, all of Chest township.

### OBITUARY.

EAGER.—Died, in Washington township, Jan. 6, 1878, SAMUEL, son of Ulysses and Celia Eager, aged 6 years and 3 months.


**HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.**

Health and Happiness are priceless Wealth to their possessors, and yet they are within the reach of every one who will use

**WRIGHT'S LIVER PILLS!**

The only sure CURE for Torpid Liver, Dyspepsia, Headache, Sour Stomach, Constipation, Debility, Nausea, and all Billious complaints and Blood disorders. None genuine unless signed "Wm. Wright, Phila." If your Druggist will not supply send 25 cents for sample to BARRICK, ROLLER & CO., 278 E. 4th St., Erie. [12-21.-1y.]


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# THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - JAN. 11, 1878.


## LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

### Here, There, and the Other Place.

—It was dangerous to be safe on the sidewalks yesterday.

—Sinners surely stand on slippery places just now, but it keeps some of them awful busy.

—If Madame Rumor speaks truly, the Altoona *Morning Globe* is about to be resuscitated.

—Why is a universally recognized fact like the first man created? Because it is a-Parent to all.

—Is your life worth 25 cents? If it is do not neglect a cough or cold. Use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup at once.

—County Auditors Ross, Porter and McCormick are getting in their work on the receipts and expenditures of "Little Cambria."

—Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is recommended by all druggists as being a purely vegetable and reliable preparation for babies. Price 25 cents.

—A fine cow owned by Mr. Joseph Hart, of Hollidaysburg, for the third time in as many years gave birth on Sunday night last to twin calves.

—A three-year-old son of Mr. George Kohler, of Franklin borough, fell into a boiler of hot water, on Friday last, and was pretty severely scalded.

—Rev. J. N. M'Gonigle, recently of this place, was duly installed as pastor of the Presbyterian church at Parker, Pa., on Tuesday night of last week.

—Our Chest township correspondent gives the full particulars of the tragic death of Mr. George Helfrich, not John Helfrich, as the *Herald* had it in its last issue.

—Twenty-four merchants of Johnstown have mutually agreed to "shut up shop" at 9 o'clock every evening. Why should not our merchants go and do likewise?

—Mr. John Litzinger, son of Mr. Daniel Litzinger, is said to have died of consumption at his home in Clearfield township a few days ago. May he rest in peace.

—Pleasant as honey, the old folks like it, the young people like it, and the babies cry for it. We mean Dr. Frazier's Cough Syrup. [12-21.-1y.]

—Bishop Tuigg, of Pittsburgh, and Bishop Kane, of Wheeling, W. Va., were the guests on Monday night last of Rev. O. P. Gallagher, pastor of St. John's church, Johnstown.

—Since the discovery of Dr. William's Indian Ointment there is certainly no excuse for any one to suffer with the Piles. See special notice. [12-21.-1y.]

—The Pittsburgh papers report that two tramps were found frozen to death between two cars of a western-bound freight train which arrived at Torrens station on Tuesday morning.

—A human face, perfectly formed, the exquisite handiwork of that wonderful artist Jack Frost, was observable on one of the window panes of our office on Wednesday morning last.

—Mr. J. Todd Hutchinson, whose serious illness at Edenburg, Clarion county, we noticed a few weeks ago, reached his home in this place on Wednesday night last much improved in health.

—The Pa. R. R. depot in Gaysport (Hollidaysburg), was slightly damaged by fire, supposed to have originated from the heater in the cellar, on Wednesday night of last week. Loss about $200.

—One at least of the jurrors drawn to serve at the March term of Court cannot respond to the mandate, as he was summoned to appear before a higher tribunal, and ere which all of us will have to face sooner or later.

—The County Commissioners having authorized Sheriff Ryan to pay the special police employed in and about Johnstown during the railroad troubles in July last, which some will cost the county a considerable sum of money.

—A German named Christ. Rhodes, an employe of the Blair Iron and Coal Co. at Hollidaysburg, was caught between two cars on Sunday morning of last week and so badly crushed that he died in less than twenty-four hours after.

—Mr. Simon Schroth and a young man named Geus, both residents of Carrolltown, left for Salina, Kansas, on Wednesday night last, for the purpose of bettering their fortunes, if possible, in that or some other part of the great West.

—Mr. Samuel Lemon, brother of Senator Lemon, has left Hollidaysburg for Brazil, whither he goes to take a hand in building the Madeira and Mamore railroad, for the construction of which Messrs. P. & T. Collins are the contractors.

—Mr. Joseph Parks, of East Conemaugh, has been appointed road foreman of engines on the Tyrone division, and Mr. E. K. Russell, foreman of the upper roundhouse at Altoona has been made his successor on the eastern end of the Pittsburgh division.

—Dr. Hoffman, surgeon dentist, will be at Wilmore on Tuesday, Jan. 22d, and at Carrolltown on Friday following, Jan. 25th, and what he intends to do, or will be prepared to do, when he visits each of those places, is of course apparent to all. [2t.]

—The lifeless remains of a whisky flask were found on the sidewalk on Centre street, between Main and Sample streets, on Wednesday morning last. There was nothing to show the cause of its death, but a single glance sufficed to convince that the spirit had indeed departed.

—Turn it as you will, view it in any light you please, the fact still remains unquestioned and unquestionable that A. A. Barker & Son, Ebensburg and Carrolltown, give more goods of the best quality for the same amount of money than any other dealer on top or at the base of the Alleghenies.

—We should have stated last week that Mr. Jacob Kirkpatrick assumed on the 1st inst. the position assigned him at the late election as one of the Poor Directors of Cambria county—an office which we are sure no more honest, upright or conscientious man has ever been called upon to fill.

—A four-foot vein of bituminous coal of excellent quality has been unearthed on the farm of Mr. Frank Mullen, in Summerhill township, about two miles from Wilmore, and as the coal is quite accessible and not far from the railroad, the discovery promises to be a big bonanza for the fortunate owner.

—At an election held in Chest township on Tuesday last, on the question of dividing the township, the vote stood 112 for and 22 against the proposed division. The new township thus created is to be called Elder, with the middle of Chest creek as the boundary line, all west of that stream to comprise the new township.

—Mr. Cal. Edelblute, who accidentally shot himself in the face a few weeks ago, made his first appearance on the streets since the accident on Wednesday last. He carried his head in a sling and presented a rather shattered appearance, but we are glad to know that he is still worth several dead men and that what is left of him is in a fair way of recovery.

—A telegram published in the Pittsburgh papers of Tuesday morning last reports that the telegraph operator at Cresson observed a man clinging to one of the platforms of the Day Express east on Sunday last, and at once telegraphed the fact to Galitzin, where the train was signaled and stopped and the man taken off, but he died on the following morning from the effects of cold and exposure.

—We publish a letter elsewhere relative to the sights seen and impressions made by a recent hurried trip through the oil regions which will well repay perusal. It is from the pen of a very intelligent and respected lady friend who not only knows how to write for the press, but is amply qualified, if need were, to put her contributions in type after they are written. We hope to hear from her often.

—Mr. James G. Hasson has received from Prothonotary O'Donnell the appointment of deputy, and entered with his chief upon the discharge of official duties on Monday last. Gibbs is an excellent penman, and being fully posted in the routine business of that and all other offices about the Court House, he will no doubt prove himself as competent for the position as any man that could have been selected.

—A vigorous old gentleman in Clearfield township, aged about 65 years, has recently accomplished the rare feat of burying one wife and marrying another inside of three months. The last wife is about seventeen years his junior, but it don't follow from that fact that she will live long enough to see him marry another one.

—Hon. John H. Bailey, who was elected a Judge of the Courts of Allegheny county at the November election, was sworn into office on Monday last. He is the first and only Democrat who has been elevated to the judiciary in that county since the power of electing judges was given to the people. He is an able lawyer and in every way qualified for the high position.

—No man or woman who values their health should dispense with gum overshoes during the present sloppy season, and no man or woman who consults the interests of their pocket-books should go elsewhere than to the cheap cash store of A. A. Barker & Son, Ebensburg and Carrolltown, to buy overshoes or anything else they may need for household or personal use.

—Mr. C. F. O'Donnell, Prothonotary, and W. Horace Rose, Esq., District Attorney, took the requisite oaths of office on Monday last. The latter gentleman is his own successor, and has made a record for himself that he has every reason to be proud of, and Mr. O'Donnell will no doubt prove himself equally competent and courteous in the discharge of the duties which have just devolved upon him.

—Don't conclude because the holidays are over that all desirable goods at the popular cheap cash store of Myers & Lloyd have been disposed of, or that they are less prepared or less willing to supply everybody with the best of goods at the very lowest prices. They still have an abundant and elegant stock of dry goods, groceries, etc., and there is not a man in the business who can undersell them.

—We had a call on Wednesday last from our genial friend and patron, Mr. Michael Fitzharris, the popular and pleasant proprietor of the St. Charles' hotel, Altoona, which, however, he has to vacate on the first of April, without a certainty as to where he will pitch his tent after that date, although he has an eye on the Miller House, Greensburg, at present in the occupancy of Capt. John Porter.

—We welcome back our old Chest township correspondent under a new name, and can fully endorse all he says about the fitness of Mr. Chas. Langbein for the office of Register and Recorder, to which he aspires. Mr. L. is an energetic, high-minded citizen of northern Cambria, a sound Democrat, a good penman, and an intelligent, worthy gentleman, and if called upon to serve he will not be found wanting in any particular.

—This region was favored with a fall of eight or ten inches of snow a few days ago, but as it was of a dry, harsh character, it did not serve very well for sleighing purposes. Wednesday, however, brought a cold rain, which still prevails as we write on Thursday forenoon, and is freezing as fast as it falls, thus rendering the roads admirable for sleighing purposes. P. S. The rain has quit freezing and the snow is rapidly disappearing.

—We do this week what we should have done last week, award the meed of praise to Harry Slep, Esq., of the Altoona *Mirror*, for a good act well done in furnishing a bountiful New Year's dinner for the fourth time in the history of that journal to the carrier boys connected with that establishment. Mr. Slep is not only an enterprising and affable gentleman, but he has a generous heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness.

—If you must slip down, and in the present icy condition of the sidewalks it seems almost impossible to avoid it, you will do well to slip down to Jas. J. Murphy's Star Clothing Hall, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, and buy yourself a neat and elegant suit of clothes, the prices whereof have been so much reduced since the holidays that a complete outfit for man or boy can now be bought for $5 and upward. Also, the finest white shirt in the market for $1.

—Prothonotary O'Donnell set it up on several of his friends, on Monday last, in shape of a sumptuous dinner served at the Mountain House as only "mine host" of that well-regulated establishment knows how to get up a square meal. Happening to be one of the invited guests, we can bear ample testimony to the quantity and quality of the viands, for a fair share of which we return our thanks to the gentleman who so generously provided and paid for the bountiful feast.

—In answer to several inquiries, we would say that all who pay for the FREEMAN until January 20th, 1879, at the rate of $1.75 per year in the county, or $1.90 outside of the county, will be furnished with the premium book, which will be ready for delivery in the early part of February. Parties who have paid for a portion of the coming volume, which begins two weeks hence, will therefore understand that it is necessary to pay in full to the above date before they can receive the "Home Guide."

—The Johnstown *Democrat* of last week mentioned the name of our old and esteemed fellow-citizen, John Fenlon, Esq., in connection with the Democratic nominations for Assembly in this county. We have no hesitation in saying that if Mr. Fenlon, who had considerable experience in his younger days in the halls of legislation, is chosen as one of the two members of the Legislature from "Little Cambria," he will be found as true, faithful and efficient as any one who has been there since he himself quitted the portals of the State capitol in the year 1849.

—Maggie Farrell, a twelve-year-old niece of Rev. John Boyle, pastor of the Church of the Holy Name in this place, died of inflammatory rheumatism at the home of her parents in Pittsburgh, on last Saturday afternoon. The deceased, who spent several months in our town year before last, will be remembered by many of our people as a modest, sweet-faced little girl, who was a universal favorite among her young associates, to whom, as well as to all who knew her only to appreciate her winning ways, she was greatly endeared. May she rest in peace.

—The concert on Friday evening last was much more of an ovation than even the most sanguine friends of the Ebensburg silver cornet band could have anticipated, the Court House being well filled and the receipts aggregating about thirty dollars. The vocal and instrumental music furnished on the occasion was for the most part well rendered, but a more varied programme would no doubt have given greater satisfaction. The singing of Miss Mollie Davis, the comic song by Doc. Thompson, and the music by the band were received with special marks of favor.

—Having failed to get as good a bid as it is believed can be obtained for the Gantner farm, which, as we have already informed our readers, is located in Carroll township, within two miles of Carrolltown, and contains 153 acres, 100 of which are cleared, with all necessary improvements, the sale has been postponed until Wednesday, Jan. 30th, at 1 o'clock, p. m., when it will take place at Blum's Hall, in the borough of Carrolltown. The farm in question is one of the best in northern Cambria and is underlaid with an abundance of iron ore, coal and fire clay.

—The large barn on the farm of Mr. John Williams, in Cambria township, about one mile and a half northeast of this place, was burned to the ground between 1 and 2 o'clock yesterday morning, and some 400 bushels of oats, a lot of hay, and much other property were lost in the conflagration. The fire was in all probability either the work of an incendiary or caused by the carelessness of some one or more of the tramping fraternity who may have taken lodging for the night in the building. We did not learn the extent of the loss, if indeed it has been estimated, but understand there is an insurance of $450 in the Ætna.!

—The farmer he sat in his easy chair, smoking his pipe of clay, while his hale old wife, with busy care, was clearing the dinner away; then all at once the farmer arose, as if on some project intent, and taking a view of his thread-bare clothes, straightway to Altoona he went; and when he got there he found, without doubt, in a trice, that everything man needs to wear can be bought at a wonderful price from Godfrey Wolff, who keeps a store large and complete next the P. O., on famous Twelfth street, and who just has reduced to less than cost price, overcoats and heavy clothing well made and of styles very nice.

—Constable Wherley of this place succeeded on Wednesday last, after the employment of a good deal of strategy in arresting a young and powerfully-built man named Wm. McCall, who is charged with committing sundry depredations in the railroad ticket office at Portage station, prominent among which was an assault and battery on the person of the agent at that place. The alleged offences were perpetrated several months ago, and although several efforts were made since then to arrest the guilty party, he managed to elude the vigilance of the officers until our rather diminutive Wherley succeeded by dint of perseverence and a vast amount of ingenuity in laying his hands upon him. The prisoner was brought to this place in a sleigh and committed to jail the same evening.

—The Seaboard Pipe Line Company having secured the right of way from Butler county to Baltimore, or near that city, the work of laying down the pipe will be commenced on the first of April and completed, it is expected, during the coming summer. The company is under the control of capitalists in the oil region who are engaged in the production of that article, and is styled "The Producers' Union." The pipe will be 4½ inches in diameter, and will be laid 2½ feet under the surface of the ground. It will have a daily capacity of *six thousand barrels*, and will be operated during both day and night. The line will be 230 miles long, 40 miles of which will be located in Maryland. It will cross the Carrolltown road about four miles north of this place, and will pass between Chest Springs and St. Augustine.

—The same series of events which have just culminated in the induction of Mr. C. F. O'Donnell into the Prothonotary's office have of course made it imperative upon Mr. Bernard McColgan to retire from that position; and in noting this fact we deem it due to the latter gentleman to say that his entire official career was marked with strict and faithful attention to business and by the most courteous and gentlemanly intercourse with all who had business relations with him. He has our best wishes for his future health and prosperity, and ever gratefully shall we remember that he was not only one of the most prompt-paying officials for whom we did work of any kind, but that he at all times acted on the principle that the Democratic papers of the county were justly and by right of service to the party entitled to the patronage of his office.

—A dwelling house on a farm in Barr township owned by Mr. Thomas Griffith, of this place, and just vacated by the family of Mr. Geo. E. Kruge, who had removed to a new house on the same place, but had as yet taken nothing away but stoves, bedding, and a few other articles, caught fire in some mysterious way about 3 o'clock on Friday morning last and was totally destroyed, together with about 80 bushels of corn in the ear, 30 bushels of rye, 8 bushels of wheat, 10 bushels of buckwheat and 10 bushels of barley, besides three sets of good harness and a lot of household furniture, etc. How the fire originated is unknown, although the presumption is that a defective flue had something to do with it. There had been fire in the house the day previous, but care was taken to extinguish every ember before leaving the premises. We did not learn the extent of Mr. Kruge's loss, but as he is he is a poor man it is heavy enough to be felt very seriously by him, though his energy and industry will no doubt enable him to overcome the misfortune before a great while.

AN OUTRAGE THAT IS NOT TO GO UNPUNISHED.—One of the best citizens of our town—a gentleman who stands high in the community and has the respect and esteem of all who know him—has just cause for complaint at the insults and indignities heaped upon the members of his very excellent family and their gentleman escort while on their way to and returning from the concert at the Court House on Friday evening last, and the young blackguards who bandied his name from mouth to mouth, for the purpose of creating a laugh at the expense of one of his most accomplished daughters and the gentleman who accompanied them, will find themselves called to account before long in a way they least expected, but well deserve. The aggrieved gentleman has fully made up his mind to teach the beardless ruffians a lesson that they will not soon forget, and in so doing he will receive the thanks and encouragement of a community that has long been disgraced by the infamous conduct of a certain class of young men unfortunately too well known in our town. He has already obtained the names of several parties implicated in the outrage complained of, and as soon as he completes the list, which he anticipates no trouble in doing, he proposes to make an example of them that cannot fail to strike terror into their hearts and prove to their sorrow that they cannot longer insult respectable people on the public streets or elsewhere with brazen affrontery and without any fear as to the consequence. In this, as we have said, the gentleman in question well deserves and will receive the approval of every right-minded person in the community, and the punishment he proposes is not only well-merited, but of a character which is abundantly calculated to crush out this great and growing evil in our midst. God speed the good work, say we

FOUND DEAD.—The lifeless remains of an unknown man were found on last Sunday afternoon lying beside the track of the Ebensburg and Cresson railroad, at what is known as Lilly's crossing, not far beyond Munster, and a letter discovered in one of his pockets, dated at Pleasantville, Bedford county, and evidently written by himself and addressed to some party in Altoona, left no doubt that his name was James McCarty, and the presumption is that he was on his way to the latter city, though an undirected envelope, bearing the printed card of an Altoona business house, which was found on his person, might be accepted as an evidence that he was returning from that place. Be that as it may, there was nothing to show that he had been frozen to death, as reported by some of the papers, while all the surroundings pointed very plainly to the fact that heart disease or some equally expeditious melody, had thus sadly and strangely ended his earthly career. When found he had a carpet-sack clutched tightly in one hand, while the other hand was thrust into one of his pockets, which showed very conclusively that death had come upon him without a moment's warning. We did not learn whether any inquest was held on the remains, or whether anything valuable was found in his possession, but the latter we presume was not the case, as the body was removed to the poor-house and on Monday last buried in Potter's field at the expense of the county.

A SKILLFUL PHYSICIAN.—Dr. George H. Keyser, of this city, is so well-known to the community in which he has been in successful practice for such a long series of years, that it is scarcely necessary to mention the location of his office. For the benefit of the few who may not be familiar with it, however, it may be stated that it is at No. 240 Penn avenue. The doctor, in his special lines of practice, may be said to be almost without a peer in this country. A lengthy experience and years of study have made him most thoroughly familiar with pulmonary complaints, and likewise with all that class of diseases that are to be cured by trusses and appliances of that character. Dr. Keyser is one of the best educated men in this locality—particularly so in his profession and in the particular branches of it to which we have referred. His thorough knowledge of diseases of this character and their treatment insure absolute safety, and those who place their reliance on him can rest assured that their faith is firmly grounded.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.* [1-11.-1m.]

—A young woman named Orphia Graffius, formerly of Punxsutawney, Jefferson county, gave birth to an illegitimate child at the house of Mr. Christopher Graffius, in Altoona, on Monday morning last, and afterwards wrapped it in an old calico skirt and carried it up stairs and deposited it in her trunk, shutting down the lid. Mrs. Graffius, learning what had happened, subsequently found the child in the girl's trunk, and her husband, supposing that it had met with a violent death, made information against the mother of the infant, but a coroners inquest, after hearing all the evidence, came to the conclusion that the child was still-born.

OUT OF THE WHEEL.—The following named gentlemen were on Friday last drawn to serve as Grand and Traverse Jurors at the ensuing term of Court, commencing on Monday, March 4th, 1878:

GRAND JURORS.

Burgoon Lewis, farmer, Allegheny twp.
Barrett Jeremiah, wagon-maker, Yoder twp.
Bradley John F., clerk, Gallitzin bor.
Brown David, farmer, Dean twp.
Ruhenschr Geo., farmer, Adams twp.
Carey James, farmer, Munster twp.
Heslop A., painter, 6th ward, Johnstown.
Kaylor Henry, teacher, Munster twp.
Kuntz Sam'l J., puddler, 5th ward, Johnstown.
Kiper Fred'k, grocer, Richland twp.
Lilly Wm., farmer, Munster twp.
Livingston Josiah, farmer, Adams twp.
Lewis David, farmer, Cambria twp.
McColgan John, merchant, Wilmore bor.
Murton John H., miner, 2d ward, Conemaugh.
Naylor Sam'l J., laborer, Taylor twp.
O'Brien E. A., machinist, E. Conemaugh bor.
Pringle Philip D. M., sawyer, Jackson twp.
Pfoff Conrad, laborer, 2d ward, Conemaugh.
Ripple Christian, moulder, Stony Creek twp.
Stough John L., painter, W. ward, Ebensburg.
Schroth Lawrence, Keeper, Carrolltown.
Wilson Robert, miner, 2d ward, Conemaugh.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

Allegheny Twp.—Valentine Bishop, David J. Cramer, James Gorman.
Adams Twp.—Josiah Helsel, Jeremiah Paul.
Barr Twp.—Jos. A. Dumm, Jacob White.
Cambria Twp.—Thomas Hoover.
Croyle Twp.—D. W. Lake.
Coopersdale Bor.—Joseph Masters.
Chest Twp.—John Lantzy, Charles Roddy,
Chest Springs Bor.—Anthony J. Will.
Conemaugh Bor.—Lawrence Reich, Andrew Zimmerman.
Dean Twp.—A. D. Flanagan.
East Conemaugh Bor.—John C. Walkinshaw.
Ebensburg Bor.—W. W. Blair, Thomas Fagan.
Franklin Bor.—George Harshberger,
Gallitzin Twp.—John J. McGuire.
Johnstown Bor.—Alvy Akers, Henry B. Barnes, John Border, Wm. C. Cadman, John R. Gohn, Jacob Horner, jr., John McGee, Wm. Palmer, David G. Rees, August Severing.
Jackson Twp.—Henry Ansteed, Daniel Burket, Samuel Leidy, Wm. Shuman.
Munster Twp.—John Biter, Wm. Glass, John O'Harra.
Millville Bor.—Wm. H. Hess, Wm. O'Brien.
Richland Twp.—John Freidhoff.
Summerhill Twp.—Wm. Dumm, Ed. McGlade.
Susquehanna Twp.—Isaac Weakland.
White Twp.—Levi Gates.
Washington Twp.—Michael Litzinger, Adam Myers, Wm. Pringle.

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Adams Twp.—Peter Costlow, Geo. B. Kiper, Hiram Shaffer.
Allegheny Twp.—Michael Driskell, George Fleck, F. X. Haid.
Blacklick Twp.—Wm. Duncan.
Barr Twp.—Henry S. Dumm, Bernard McGee.
Clearfield Twp.—Wm. Adams, James Adams, Richard Collins, Henry L. Krise.
Conemaugh Bor.—Henry Byrne, Edward Griffith, Robert James, Benj. Lloyd, John O'Connell, jr.
Cambria Bor.—John A. Parr, Peter Sirlouis.
Conemaugh Bor.—Sebastian Boxler, John Cox, Wm. Coffenberger, Chas. Schnerr, Wm. Stigerwald.
Carrolltown Bor.—Peter Campbell.
Carroll Twp.—Daniel M. Dumm, D. A. Luther.
Chest Springs Bor.—James Peary.
Dean Twp.—George Hall.
East Conemaugh Bor.—John Hoy.
Ebensburg Bor.—John Gittings, T. W. Shoemaker.
Johnstown Bor.—Gotlieb Rantley, August Brown, George Gecher, Albert B. Petriken, B. F. Speedy.
Loretto Bor.—Joseph Herzog, W. B. Litzinger.
Munster Twp.—Henry Willebrand, jr.
Prospect Bor.—Hugh McMonigle,
Summerhill Twp.—James McCahan.
Taylor Twp.—James Masterson.
Washington Twp.—Thomas Criste, Julius Eger, Lazarus Reigle.
White Twp.—John H. Fiske.

ARRESTED FOR FORGERY.—From the Johnstown *Tribune* of Tuesday last we clip the following:

The facts in a forgery case in which John W. Westbrook, of Somman, is the principal, have been in our possession for some time past, but at the earnest request of a relative of the individual we have refrained from making note of the same. As the young man has been arrested, however, the affair becomes public property. It seems that in November last John drew a check on the bank of Dibert & Co., in this place, for $240, and endorsed it with the name of N. B. Westbrook, his brother, who is passenger and freight agent at Somman, and who had money on deposit here. This check was presented by the accused at the First National Bank of Altoona, and the money was secured. When it was sent here Dibert & Co. refused to honor it, as we understand there was not at the time sufficient funds in the Ensman bank to the credit of N. B. Westbrook in the bank to meet it. It soon leaked out that the check was forged, and John deemed it prudent to skip. He was traced to New York, but in that city was lost sight of.

A few days ago it became known to the police authorities at Altoona that the young man had been seen at Portage, and the chief of police of that city, accompanied by a constable of Washington township, this county, made an effort to capture him, but he got wind that they were trying to effect his arrest, and he eluded their vigilance by concealing himself. On yesterday morning the officers were more successful, as they managed to secure him at his own house in Portage, and he was taken before the Mayor of the place, who made a preliminary investigation of the matter, and then sent defendant to jail to await trial, as he was unable to furnish bail for his appearance when wanted. Mr. Westbrook is not more than twenty-four years of age, and has a deceidedly fine address, but unfortunately he has got himself into a scrape that may result in his being sent to the penitentiary.

ASTONISHING SUCCESS.—It is the duty of every person who has used BOSHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP to let its wonderful qualities be known to their friends in curing Consumption, severe Coughs, Croup, Asthma, Pneumonia, and in fact all throat and lung diseases. No person can use it without immediate relief. Three doses will relieve any case, and we consider it the duty of all Druggists to recommend it to the poor dying consumptive, at least to try one bottle, as 40,000 dozen bottles were sold last year, and no one case where it failed was reported. Such a medicine as the GERMAN SYRUP cannot be too widely known. Ask your Druggist about it. Sample Bottles to try sold at 10 cents. Regular size 75 cents. For sale by Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg, and Woleslagle & Son, Wilmore.

E. K. THOMPSON'S SWEET WORM POWDERS are doing more good than tongue can tell or pen can write in relieving children and adults of intestinal parasites or worms. Children seven months old have discharged *large worms* after a few doses. Not injurious in the least, pleasant to take, containing no calomel, put up in glass bottles with name of proprietor blown in glass. Enquire of your druggist and take nothing else; or send to E. K. Thompson, Titusville, Pa., Box 1185. Price 25 cents.

Pills sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Druggists and dealers should send for list and prices. For sale by Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—As we were connected with Dr. Quincy A. Scott's dental establishment at the time his Centennial specimens were manufactured, we state positively that those elegant dental specimens which received the Centennial Medal and Diploma, were made by Dr. Quincy A. Scott and his assistants. And we desire also to state that we have been in many dental offices, but have seen dentistry in all its phases, and have never seen work turned out anywhere equal to that made at 278 Penn Avenue. We do not consider it necessary but we also wish to endorse Dr. Quincy A. Scott as a gentleman, upright and honorable in all his social and business relations.

DR. JOHN SCOTT, DR. W. H. PERRY.
DR. JOS. GRAHAM, JOHN. K. AHL.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.—Ben Franklin gave the people of his day a recipe for obtaining health, wealth, and wisdom. The present generation is not supposed to be in want of wisdom, and would prefer happiness combined with health and wealth. The modern way to obtain all these is told in the advertisement of Barrick, Roller & Co., headed "Health and Happiness" in this paper. We cordially recommend our readers to the careful consideration of their advice. [2t.]

WHITE COOKIES.—Take two cups of white sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, one egg, beaten, flavor with nutmeg; add three pints of flour, having in it one and a half measures Banner Baking Powder; roll out thin; cut in shapes and bake. Each can of BANNER Boking Powder contains a measuref to use instead of a spoon. Ask your grocer for the BANNER Powder, and take no oteer

—Many consumptives are now using Dr. Keyser's Root Bitters and Cough Syrup with remarkable success. [12-21.-1y.]

### Jottings by the Wayside.

PICKWICK, Jan. 4, 1878.

EDITOR FREEMAN—To those who have visited the counties comprising what is known as the "oil belt" in years gone by, when the sole hope and expectation of that region was lumber, the changes effected since the discovery of oil seem like the work of magic. A barren, unproductive region, the labor of the tiller of the soil was but illy repaid, as is evinced by the character of the old farm houses still standing, while the few barns yet remaining bear not the faintest resemblance to the structures in this and the eastern parts of the State. Of course, in a very great many instances, the old houses have been replaced by new and more pretentious structures, but they seem to have an uncomfortable look, as though the angles had not yet worn smooth, or as if they and not been built to fit the families occupying them. However, the houses in the "oil towns," and they were all alike as nearly as I could judge, are not by any means intended for fixtures, but are put up in the cheapest and most expeditious manner possible, being merely plank frames, with the inside walls papered and the ceilings formed with breadths of muslin tacked together. Here and there, indeed, an occasional building puts on style on the strength of being plastered, but such are the exceptions, not the rule. Composed of such inflammable material, it is small wonder indeed that a conflagration sweeps everything before it. A fire occurred in one of these "shingle palaces" recently, by which two children were burned to death, although the mother of the little unfortunates was absent from the house not more than five minutes.

The country through the oil belt is dotted with huge derricks, seventy-five or eighty feet in height, scarcely a stone's throw from each other; and as each derrick represents about $4,000, some idea of the amount of capital invested may be obtained. Then, too, whenever a "big strike" is made, the flood of eager, struggling humanity surges that way, and towns rise in almost a night—and in some instances as rapidly disappear.

The land not being under cultivation, no fences are to be seen, and roads cross and recross with the most charming disregard for each other; while the steam pipes, by means of which two or three wells are pumped by the same engine, and the oil pipes, which discharge the oil from each well into a common reservoir, run over the surface in every direction. The crude oil is first pumped into the tank connected with the well, and then gauged by an official, who gives the owner a certificate for the amount of oil. It is then, by means of these connecting pipes, carried into the common reservoir, whence it is distributed to the different refineries at Oil City and down the Valley road, as far as Pittsburg.

One peculiarity of the men who most do congregate here, is that they talk nothing but oil, in some one of its various phases. Passing along the streets, you hear nothing but "first, second or third sand," "wild cat," "oil belt," or some other of the phrases which to us are unintelligible, but perfectly understood by those who "live, move and have their being" in oil. Politics doesn't seem to trouble the souls of the men here in the least.

The streets in some of these towns are paved, or planked rather, but withal the crossing of the streets at any but the recognized crossings is a matter of uncertainty. I saw a gentleman only a few days ago, gaze longingly at the other side of the street, then at the sea of mud between, and then at his nicely polished boots—and then he sighed. A little street Arab, who evidently understood the situation, and pitied him, sung out "Mithter, there's crothing down there; you'd better go down." And he went, the mud deep, but I don't believe it was a thousand feet.

The narrow gauge railroad connecting the town of Clarion with the Allegheny Valley Road was recently completed, and, on Monday, the 24th ult., was formally opened. Invited guests, to the number of several hundred, left at Clarion, and finished the day with a supper and dance at Emlenton, the point of junction with the Valley Road. The supper at Emlenton was given at the large hotel at the depot, and of which a Mr. Ensminger is proprietor, Mr. James A. Kittell, does the honors, and very gracefully too. The road is finished nicely, and is no doubt as safe as roads generally are, but it does give one a nervous feeling to watch a train crossing a deep ravine on trestle work that at a short distance looks about as substantial as a spider's web. The scenery along the road is highly picturesque, and the effect is hightened by going over it at night, when the burning gas from the oil wells casts an unearthly glare over the surroundings. In most places where this gas from the wells is abundant, they utilize it by carrying it through pipes into their dwellings, where stoves are heated with it. It answers the purpose admirably, and besides that is perfectly clean, which is a great item in the estimation of those notable housewives who "kill themselves keeping things clean."

Contrary to the general reputation of towns built by persons flocking in the direction of the last "strike," the towns in the oil region are law abiding and church going. Their churches are generally tastefully built, and during the holidays were beautifully decorated with evergreens. The services on Sabbath are well attended, and as there are no trains run on any of the roads in that region on that day, the employes are given a chance to "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy."

Wishing you a happy New Year, I am
Your friend, M.

### Local Correspondence.

ST. LAWRENCE, Jan. 5, 1878.

DEAR FREEMAN—Having changed my business location for a short time is my only apology for failing to correspond with the spicy FREEMAN for some time past. The only excitement in Democratic Chest is the division of the township, which, as you are aware, will be decided by ballot on next Tuesday. The division will be warmly contested *for* and *against*, but you may rest assured that the township will be divided; and before you go to press you will no doubt learn that the Democratic division of Chest will give us two more delegates, and also a larger vote than heretofore, the pisces of voting being more accessible to many old Democratic residents who have heretofore remained away from the polls on account of the long distance to be travelled.

Mr. Adam Leiden, a worthy and enterprising citizen of this place, was dangerously injured on last Saturday, at Carrolltown, by a kick he received in a vital part of the body, from a vicious horse. Mr. L.'s condition is such that he will have to remain in Carrol itown for some time before he will be able to reach home.

Mr. George Helfrick, an old and peaceable citizen of this township, came to an untimely death on the 29th ult. He had gone to the woods for the purpose of cutting timber, and had partially felled a large tree, when it lodged against another one, and in the effort to dislodge it the second tree came down upon him, crushing his body in a fearful manner. The deceased, who was a childless widower, had been making his home with Mr. Geo. Simmelsberger for a number of years, and at the time of his death was aged about 73. His remains were followed to St. Boniface church yard by a large concourse of relatives and friends.

John G. Gill, Esq., of this village, has built himself a neat and cozy office, adjoining his handsome and comfortable residence, where he will administer justice without fear, favor, or affection. Dr. J. B. Noonan has also built a neat and substantial office near his residence, where he can be consulted in regard to all the diseases that men, women and children are heir to.

Messrs. Charles Langbein and Jacob Thomas have contracted with different responsible parties within the last few days to stock in something over two million feet of hard timber, in time for the Spring drive. Gates Bros. have also contracted with parties to stock in a large amount of timber, and should the Spring season prove a propitious one, the citizens of Cambria county will be greatly benefited through the energy and enterprise of these gentlemen.

We have learned through the columns of the FREEMAN the names of a number of aspirants who are anxious to serve the *dear people*. We have also had several letters and personal visits from good and reliable Democrats who are anxious to secure the delegates at the next county convention. Now we don't wish to say one word against the claims of any Democrat who has announced himself, or may *reliable* Democrat who may hereafter announce himself, but we take this liberty (without the consent of the gentleman in question) to remark that Chest and Elder townships will present the name of Mr. Charles Langbein for the office of Register and Recorder at the coming convention, and when we urge the claims of Mr. Langbein we only utter the sentiments of all who know him that he is eminently fit for the office, being a practical and thorough business man and largely identified with the best interests of northern Cambria; and we further state, without disparagement to other candidates for the same office, that Mr. L. is a ripe English and German scholar, the latter qualification being much needed in that as well as in all other business pursuits. Yours, &c., GLENN.

### HYMENEAL.

GILL—KREEVIS.—Married, at St. Lawrence church, on Monday, Jan. 7, 1878, by Rev. Father Edmund, Mr. PHILIP GILL and Miss ELIZABETH KREEVIS, all of Chest township.

### OBITUARY.

EAGER.—Died, in Washington township, Jan. 6, 1878, SAMUEL, son of Ulysses and Celia Eager, aged 5 years and 3 months.


HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

Health and Happiness are priceless Wealth to their possessors, and yet they are within the reach of every one who will use

WRIGHT'S LIVER PILLS!

The only sure CURE for Torpid Liver, Dyspepsia, Headache, Sour Stomach, Constipation, Debility, Nausea, and all Billious complaints and Blood disorders. None genuine unless signed "Wm. Wright, Phila." If your Druggist will not supply send 25 cents for one box to Manning, Noonan & Co., 70 N. 4th St., Phila. [2-1.-6-y.]


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BARKERS' BIG BIGGER BIGGEST BARGAINS IN CAPS! CLOTHS! CLOTHING! CASSIMERES! CARROLLTOWN.

OUR SALES-BOOK WILL SHOW THAT

WE HAVE SOLD MORE GOODS

—DURING THE PAST SIX MONTHS—

THAN ANY FIRM IN NORTHERN CAMBRIA,

—AND THE REASON IS THAT WE HAVE—

SOLD at LOWER PRICES

THAN ANY ONE ELSE COULD DO,

*And now wish to inform the people of Carrolltown and vicinity that we have in our Store the*

Largest and Most Complete

STOCK OF GOODS

Ever brought to Northern Cambria, and which we are offering

AT PRICES EVEN LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE.

The reason we can afford to do this is, that by buying Goods in large quantities, and buying for cash only, we are enabled to get the very best terms, and the reason why you should buy from us is, that

WE HAVE NOT ONLY THE BEST GOODS

### THE TREE PEDDLER.

The frauds practiced upon farmers by unprincipled nurserymen are well pointed out in the following from the *Western Farmer*: "There is no greater humbug practised upon the credulity of the people than the offering of new fruits by tree agents and nurserymen, as the last thing that was ever discovered or planted. Nineteen out of every twenty of all these new fruits are entirely worthless. One nurseryman has an apple that is superior to all others, another a pear no one can do without, free from blight and an immense bearer, and the fruit of the finest quality. Another has a currant, a strawberry, or a raspberry, all entirely indispensable to the unsuspecting farmer. And still others have grapes that ripen early, are very large, delicious, and just the thing to supply all others for all purposes. One has a cherry that will take the place of the Early Richmond and the English Morello. All these will do, according to the opinions of the several owners of the humbug, in any and all climates and localities, like the patent medicines that are warranted to cure any and all diseases. One man, whose almost exclusive stock of evergreens is the European larch, recommends its planting without limit. Another has supplied himself abundantly with the Utah hybrid cherry, which is really not a cherry at all, but a very inferior small plum, and that is the cherry that everybody must have. Our common wild plums are transplanted and nursed and a large stock propogated—some significant name given them, and then heralded to the world as indispensable, high quality, large size, curculio proof, and indeed possessed with more good qualities than any and all other plums combined. Now the result of all this is, the farmers pay out thousands of dollars every year for stock that is not only worthless, and known to be worthless by the venders, but important time is lost in waiting for the results that are so boastingly promised, and only, after several years waiting, to find how they have been swindled."

SMALL ANIMALS GNAWING TREES.—Every winter the agricultural journals contain inquiries as to a remedy to prevent mice and rabbits gnawing trees and we are nearly annually answering them. Our remedy, which we have tried with success, has proved effectual in every instance in which it has been properly applied. It is to bandage the trees with an old cotton or woolen cloth; or very stiff paper will do—for mice eight or ten inches high will answer; for rabbits not less than two feet. The latter standing upright will reach up very nearly two feet, and as far as they can reach they will gnaw. The same cloth, if put away, will last for several years. Of course bandaging must be well done and tied to the tree securely.

In gardens, where rabbits are sure to be found, if there are any in the vicinity, a good protection is to feed them with cabbage stalks, or decayed heads of cabbage, offals of ruta begas, carrots, etc., a supply of which is to be found on every farm. A "dead trap," baited with apple, will also clear the garden; but, if in a starving condition, a half dozen rabbits will destroy fifty young trees in a single night. One winter they not only injured several young pear trees for us, but nipped off the tender ends of certain shrubs as cleanly as if done with pruning shears. But, as we say, they are driven to this by starvation, when the ground is covered with snow.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

AN EXTINCT RACE.—One of the most remarkable races that ever inhabited the earth is now extinct.—They were known as the Guanches, and were the aborigines of the Canary Islands. In the sixteenth century, pestilence, slavery and the cruelty of the Spaniards succeeded in totally exterminating them. They are described as being gigantic in stature, but of a singularly mild and gentle natnre. Their food consisted of barley, wheat, goat's milk, and their agriculture was of the rudest kind. They had a religion which taught them of a future state, of rewards and punishments after death, and of good and evil spirits. They regarded the volcano of Teneriffe as the place of punishment for the bad. The bodies of the dead were carefully embalmed, and deposited in catacombs, which still continue to be an object of curiosity to those who visit the Islands. Their marriage rites were very solemn, and before engaging in them the brides were fattened on milk. At the present day these strange people are totally extinct.—*Boston Globe.*

LACK OF APPETITE AND ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH.—Use lime water to correct acidity of the stomach, and the following tonic bitters: Gentian root, two ounces; dried orange peel, one ounce; cardamon seed, half an ounce—all to be bruised, and the same placed in a quart of whisky or diluted alcohol; let it stand for two weeks; dose, one or two tablespoonfuls in water two or three times a day. This is good for dyspepsia, loss of appetite, and general weakness or debility.

TO PRESERVE POTATOES FROM ROT.—Dust over the floor of the bin with lime, and put in about six or seven inches of potatoes, then dust with lime as before, then more potatoes, using about one bushel of lime to forty bushels of potatoes. The lime improves the flavor of the potatoes, and effectually kills the fungi which causes the rot.

A CARROT that went 25 inches toward China, and a turnip 35 inches around the waist, are recent exponents of the capabilities of Kansas soil.


When You Visit Carrolltown,

Which you should do if for no other purpose than to secure big bargains at the

PEOPLE'S CHEAP CASH STORE!

BE SURE TO CALL BEFORE GOING ELSEWHERE ON

S. TEITELBAUM & BRO.,

WHO HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM THE EASTERN CITIES WITH A LARGE STOCK OF

ELEGANT NEW GOODS FOR FALL SALES!

*WHICH THEY HAVE OPENED THIS WEEK AND ARE NOW OFFERING AT*

PRICES NEVER BEFORE TOUCHED!

REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD DEAL WITH US:

We bought $10,000 worth of Goods for $5,000 cash from the stock of a Wholesale House in New York city which was closed out at Assignee's sale, and are determined to give the people a remedy for hard times by selling them Goods 25 per cent. cheaper than they have ever before or can now buy elsewhere.

CALL AND SEE OUR GOODS,

AND EXAMINE OUR PRICES.

As we have the largest assortment and greatest variety in the county, and are prepared to give BETTER BARGAINS than can be obtained at any other establishment.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

113 and 115 Clinton Street, Johnstown,

ALWAYS HAVE THE

Largest, Best and Cheapest

Stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Millinery, Carpets, Oil Cloths, &c., to be found in Cambria county. [2-4.] ☞ Don't forget the number and street. [tf.]

PULMONA,

Made from the prescription of one of the most eminent physicians in the medical faculty, is now offered to the public as a radical cure for CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, CATARRH, ASTHMA, &c.

PULMONA increases the strength and deepens the color of the pale blood. It checks Night Sweats within a fortnight. It subdues the CHILLS and FEVER. It diminishes Expectoration. It causes calm and refreshing sleep. It invigorates the appetite, and the invalid gains flesh rapidly.

PULMONA is beyond comparison the best remedy known for the cure and relief of all affections of the THROAT, LUNGS and NERVOUS SYSTEM.

Extracts from Letters from Pastors of Churches.

PULMONA saved my daughter's life.—Rev. E. Jones, Itemore, N. Y.

We bless God for the benefits we received from the use of PULMONA.—Rev. P. Warren, Canton, Pa.

Every one who I recommended it to has benefited much by its use.—Rev. C. D. Humphreys, Raleigh, Wis.

PULMONA may be obtained thro' Druggists, or orders may be sent to OSCAR G. MOSES, Proprietor, 18 Cortlandt Street, New York. Price, $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.

A circular containing advice for the treatment of the diseases above mentioned, certificates of many actual cures, and full particulars of cases successfully treated will be sent free to applicants.

PULMONA WILL CURE CONSUMPTION.

FARMS AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offers at private sale the following properties, to wit: A tract of land in Snyder township, 12½ miles from East Tyrone, containing 188 acres, well improved, having thereon all the necessary farm buildings. This farm will be divided into two or three parts, if desired by purchasers, and if not sold before the the first of March next, it will then be rented.

Also, the farm on which I now reside, in Logan township, 3¼ miles from Altoona. The property is in a high state of cultivation and has a splendid house, barn and other buildings thereon erected.

Also, a tract of improved land situated partly in Blair and Cambria counties, containing 278 acres, the tract is underlaid with coal of excellent quality, well covered with timber, and has a railroad built to it, ready for shipping coal.

These lands will be sold as a whole or divided, and on terms to suit purchasers, or will exchange for Altoona city property. For further information call on or address WM. DECKER.

Nov. 23, 1877.-ly. Box 889, Altoona.

LORETTO PROPERTY AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offers for sale at a low price and on easy terms TWO LOTS OF GROUND, well improved, in Loretto borough, on which is erected a comfortable and desirable two story DWELLING HOUSE, 18x30 feet, with a good KITCHEN attached, as well as a substantial STABLE and other necessary OUTBUILDINGS. There are also on the premises, which are located on St. Mary's street, the principal thoroughfare of the town, a thriving Orchard of choice fruit and an abundance of excellent water. For further information call on or address FRANCIS O'FRIEL, Esq., attorney in fact for PATRICK MEALLY.

Loretto, Oct. 12, 1877.-3m.

HOTEL PROPERTY AND FARM FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers at private sale on liberal terms the well known Mountain House, two doors west of the Pa. R. R. depot in the borough of Gallitzin. This property is well situated and well designed as a hotel and boarding house, and any one wishing to secure a good bargain will find it here.

Also, will be sold on terms equally satisfactory to the purchaser, a FARM of 112 Acres, nearly all cleared and with a comfortable HOUSE and BARN thereon erected.

For conditions of sale and other particulars call on or address MARGARET WHELAN,

Nov. 30, 1-77. Gallitzin, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED!

FOR PARTICULARS ADDRESS

WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO'Y,

829 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY;

CHICAGO, ILL.; NEW ORLEANS, LA.;

OR SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A Rare Old Book

"THE WILDERNESS, OR BRADDOCK'S TIMES," a thrilling historical story; 480 pages; newly bound in cloth; $1.50 by mail. Only a few copies. Address A. MATTHIAS, 57 Ninth Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. [12-14. 4t.]

WORK FOR ALL

In their own localities, canvassing for the Fireside Visitor (enlarged), Weekly and Monthly. Largest Paper in the World, with Mammoth Chromos Free. Big Commissions to Agents. Terms and Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

CONFIDENTIAL. Notice to Agents. New Organs, 16 Stops $120, 13, 495, 12, 8-5, 9, $55. Pianos retail price $650 only $175. Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

GIVEN AWAY.—A beautiful Imported Chromo and 60 Elegant Mixed Visiting Cards, 25c. 50 for 10c., no chromo. ROYAL CARD CO., Port Lyden, N. Y.

25 FANCY CARDS, all New Styles, with name, 10 CENTS, post-paid.—I. TERHUNE, Cobleskill, N. Y.

HOMES in West Virginia Cheap. Send stamp for circular to J. H. Bris.or, Martinsburg, W. Va.

40 Extra Fine Mixed Cards, with name, 10 cts., post paid. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

MAKE HOME HAPPY.

A Plentiful Supply of Good Reading and Beautiful Pictures WILL DO IT.

THE CINCINNATI WEEKLY STAR,

A fine eight-page paper, with 48 full columns, costs only $1.00 per year (we pay postage), and is the largest, brightest, and best paper published for the money. It is independent in politics, gives all the news, and, besides much other good reading, every number has three or four excellent original or selected stories. Every subscriber also receives a copy of the beautiful engraving, "The Poor the Poor Man's Friend," size 24x34 inches, and a copy of THE STAR ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC. 25 cts. extra must be sent to pay expense of packing and mailing premiums. ☞ Our inducements to Agents, always the most liberal in the field, are now greater than ever. We want every club agent in the country to communicate with us before commencing work. To any person desiring to get up a club, we will send a sample copy of the picture and a canvasser's outfit for 25 cts. Specimen copy of paper free. Send for one before subscribing for any other.

Persons to whom we have already sent the picture, "The Poor the Poor Man's Friend," by saying so can have in its stead another excellent engraving, of same size, which we have secured for this purpose.

☞ Paper without picture, One Dollar.

THE STAR,

230 Walnut St., Cincinnati, O.

MAKE HOME PLEASANT.

MAKE YOUR HOME BEAUTIFUL. MAKE YOUR HOME ENTERTAINING.

IF YOU WANT TO

HAVE MORE FUN

*THAN GOING TO A CIRCUS,*

Around the Evening Lamp, during the coming winter evenings, be sure and subscribe for the Cincinnati

BREAKFAST TABLE.

It will kill the blues stone dead, and fill your home with happy, healthful mirth.

It is not a comic paper, full of stale, thin jokes and conundrums, but a live, fresh, spicy, airy family journal, with an original humorous feature predominant, first-class in every respect, full of choice reading for the family circle, pure in tone and healthful in influence. Its articles are copied all over the country by papers that do not principle. It is a paper that needs no recommendation but to be seen. It is a large, forty-eight column sheet, handsomely printed. Ask your newsdealer for specimen copy, or send three cent stamp to publication office and it will be sent by return mail.

The paper is sent free one year to all persons getting up clubs of five or over, in addition to cash commissions. Address,

E. P. BROWN & CO., Publishers.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

☞ The BREAKFAST TABLE and the CAMBRIA FREEMAN will be furnished at the low price of $3 per year, cash in advance, which is a reduction of one dollar on the subscription rates of the two papers conjointly.

ALMOST PERSUADED

TO SHOW OUR WORK FREE!

Your Own Likeness,

in India Ink, for One Dollar. Enlarged from your photograph, or any picture, to size 8x10 inches, with dark gold figured mat. Sent by mail, with your small picture returned. Try one.

Miniature OIL PAINTINGS,

On Luther's Patent Silk Canvas,

in splendid clasp case, $3 00. Lady Agents wanted. Price of larger Paintings 8x10 inches, $10 00; 11x14, $25 00; 20x24, $100. Painted from any picture and satisfaction guaranteed. Sent C. O. D. if desired. ☞ Agents, don't get behind-hand this time. L. T. LUTHER,

[12-7.'77.-1y.] Corry City, Pa.

$60 PER MONTH will be paid to a good, energetic man in each county to introduce DR. EGLE'S New Illustrated History of Pennsylvania

Write immediately and state experience in this business, and also age. Address,

D. C. GOODRICH, Publisher,

HARRISBURG, PA.

☞ Don't fail to say what paper you saw this in. [10-12.-3m.]

S. MARVIN & CO. PITTSBURGH PARKE CAKE FLOUR

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

$777 is not easily earned in these times, but it can be made in three months' by any one of either sex, in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the employment which we furnish. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address at once, H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Maine. [3-23.-1y ☞]

30 FINE CARDS, no two alike, with name 10 cts. Address SPREAD & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

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HARDWARE,

CUTLERY, Etc.,

AT MUCH LESS THAN COST.

Preparatory to tearing down and rebuilding his extensive Store Room,

Geo. Huntley

WILL DISPOSE OF HIS

Entire Stock of GOODS,

CONSISTING PRINCIPALL OF

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IRON, NAILS, GLASS, GLASSWARE, LAMPS, LAMP CHIMNEYS, STOVES, TINWARE, HORSE RAKES, HARVESTING TOOLS, GRINDSTONES, HOES, SHOVELS, SPADES, PUMPS AND TUBING, BLANCHARD CHURNS, &c.

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☞ I have also on hand a few good Sewing Machines, which I will sell at from $20 to $30 less than cost, and am agent for the great AMERICAN SAW GUMMER, (the only changable self-feed Gummer in the world,) which I will sell very low for cash.

Now is the Time to Secure Bargains

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Big Lot of Goods for Very Little Money!

NOTICE!

*☞ All persons knowing themselves indebted to me are earnestly requested to come forward without delay and settle their respective accounts, either by note or cash, and thereby save costs, as I must have my books closed in the shortest time possible.*

Geo. Huntley,

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A FULL SET FOR $6.00

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TAKING the Centennial Medal and Diploma over all home and foreign competitors has given Dr. Scott's work a world-wide celebrity, and the public at always satisfied when they get it that they HAVE THE BEST.

*IT WILL PAY EVERYBODY TO VISIT PITTSBURGH TO HAVE DR QUINCY A. SCOTT EXTRACT THEIR TEETH WITHOUT PAIN BY HIS ABSOLUTELY SAFE ANÆSTHETIC, AS IT IS THE ONLY ONE IN EXISTENCE,*

And can be taken with entire confidence by old and young and people in every condition of health.

Another Death from Laughing Gas.

DR G. Morley Harrison, a surgeon of 30 years standing in Manchester England, lately died from an overdose of Laughing Gas. He was in perfect health, but the "gas" anæsthizes very rapidly and he took a few inhalations too many. Jan. 4, 1878.-tf.

WOOL! BOUGHT —OR— MADE UP TO ORDER WOOL!

THE EBENSBURG WOOLEN COMPANY is amply prepared to manufacture to order or exchange Goods of its own make for WOOL, which will be taken at the highest market price, and for the gathering of which wagons will soon be sent to the various sections of the county. The quality of the goods made by us is too well known to need recommendation, and as we are now running our Factory by STEAM POWER, there will be no delay in the manufacture of wool sent or bro't to us for that purpose.

P. S.—Weaving, Carding, Fulling and Dyeing promptly attended to in a workmanlike manner and at the lowest possible rates.

Ebensburg, May 11, 1877.-tf.

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139 Franklin Street, Johnstown,

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMBSTONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and character of work.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try me.

April 24, 1873.-tf. JOHN PARKE.

JAMES WILKINSON ..... H. T. O'FRIEL.

WILKINSON & O'FRIEL,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC MARBLE!

Loretto, Pa.

☞ Work executed promptly and satisfactorily, and as cheap as the cheapest. [4-12.—tf.]

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre st. [tf.] All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [10-14.-1y.]

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Sheet Iron Wares

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PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

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Claims prosecuted in the Supreme Court of the United States, Court of Claims, Court of Commissioners of Alabama Claims, Southern Claims Commission, and all classes of war claims before the Executive Departments.

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OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, and SAILORS of the late war, or their heirs, are in many cases entitled to money from the Government, of which they have no knowledge. Write full history of service, and state amount of pay and bounty received. Enclose stamp and a full reply after examination, will be given you without charge.

Pensions.

All officers, soldiers and sailors wounded, ruptured, or injured in the late war, however slightly, are entitled to, and can obtain a pension.

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Contested Land Cases, Private Land Claims, Mining, preemption, and Homestead Cases, prosecuted before the General Land Office and Department of the Interior.

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We pay cash for Bounty Land Warrants, and we invite correspondence with all parties having any for sale, and give full and explicit instructions where assignments are imperfect.

We connect our business in separate Bureaus having therin the clerical assistance of able and experienced lawyers and give our closest personal supervision to every important paper prepared in each case. Promptest attention thus secured to all business entrusted us. Address

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AND A GENERAL

BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

☞ Special attention paid to business of correspondents. A. W. BUCK,

Nov. 19, 1875.-tf. Cashier.

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FOR

Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, &c.

IN addition to a full line of Drugs, Medicines, &c., the undersigned keeps on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of

Perfumery, Toilet and Washing Soaps,

Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences of all kind, pure Spices, Blank Books, Pocket and Pass Books, Stationery, Writing Fluid, Black and Red Inks, Pens, Pencils and Pen Holders, Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymn Books, &c., &c., together with a

*FINE STOCK OF JEWELRY,*

Tooth, Hair, Shoe, Scrub and Dusting Brushes, Combs of all kind, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, Glassware, Lamps, Lamp Chimneys, and hundreds of other articles needless to mention—all of which will be sold at the

Very Lowest Prices for Cash.

LEMMON & MURRAY.

Ebensburg, June 8, 1877.

SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP.

CLARION, Pa., December 14, 1875. Messrs. R. E. Sellers & Co.: Your Cough Syrup is doing wonders. Two doses cured me of a bad cough of one week's standing.—JAMES R. CORNER.

PITTSBURGH, March 31, 1876. Messrs. R. E. Sellers & Co.: Two bottles of your Imperial Cough Syrup cured me of a distressing cold, which settled on my lungs.—WM. KEES. Price, 25 Cents.

R. E. Sellers & Co., Prop'rs, Pittsburgh, Pa.

☞ SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. [2-16.-1y.]

M. E. BUCKLEY,

ATTORNEY-AT LAW,

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Office with P. A. Shoemaker, Esq., on High st. All business pertaining to the profession promptly attended to, and collections made a specialty.


EGYPTIAN LOVE OF SOMETHING BIG.—The notion of bigness seems to have held a closer grip over the despotic Egyptian mind than over any other psychological specimen with which we are acquainted. It does not need a journey up the Nile to show us their fondness for the immense; half an hour at the British Museum is quite sufficient. Now, why did the Egyptians so revel in enormous works of art? This question is usually answered by saying that their absolute rulers loved thereby to show the vastness of their power; and doubtless the answer is very true as far as it goes, and quite falls in with our theory given above. But it does not always happen that despotic monarchs build pyramids or Memnons, and the further question suggests itself—what was there in the circumstances of Egypt which determined this special and exceptional display of architectural extravagance? As we cast about for an answer, an analogy strikes us at once. Taking the world as a whole I think it will be seen that the greatest architectural achievements are to be found in the great plain countries, and that mountain districts are comparatively bare of large edifices. The plain of Lombardy, the plain of the Low Countries, the plain of Chartres, the lower Rhine Valley, the Eastern countries—these are the spots where our great European cathedrals are to be found; and if we pass over to Asia, we shall similarly discover the country for pagodas, mosques and temples in the broad basins of the Euphrates the Ganges, the Indus, the Hoang-Ho and the Yang-tze-kiang. No doubt castles and fortresses are to be found everywhere on heights for purposes of defense; but purely ornamental architecture is most flourishing in levelexpanses of land. Now, there is no level expanses of land in the world habitable by man so utterly unbroken and continuous as the Valley of the Nile—Herein, doubtless, we have a clue to the special Egyptian love for colossal undertakings of every sort.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

A CURIOUS CALCULATION.—A very ingenious speculation was published about half a century ago as to the number of a man's ancestors. It was said that as every man must have two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, and so on, it might fairly be assumed of any given man that the number of his direct ancestors living at the time of the Conquest might amount to upward of eight millions, presuming that the number doubled about thrice in each century. There are several curious sequences of this idea, which are given by Sir Richard Phillips, in his "Morning's Walk from London to Kew." Grey, according to Walpole, in 1749, had computed that "there must go a million of ancestors in twenty generations to everybody's composition." Touching the idea itself, it may be noted that there is in it a fundamental error, or, rather, a counteracting element, which soon checks the increase of ancestors, then neutralizes it, and finally diminishes it. This cause is the "brother and sister" element. It is soon found that in tracing up ancestors, that, for example, two men and a woman, who ought in the preceding generation to have six parents, being brothers and sister, have only two. Hence, every man's pedigree, if it could be fairly traced out, would be represented as a double cone: two cones joined at their bases, the apex of the one being himself, the apex of the other Adam.—Probably the true form of such a family tree would be an ellipsis.

NEVER SERVED.—An English writer speaking of Pompeii, says: "Our house in Pompeii had evidently been in a state of repair when the volcano storm buried it. Painters, and decorators, and cleaners were masters of the situation. The household goods were all in disorder, and the family if not out of town, must have been undergoing that condition of misery which spring cleaning and other like infections invariably entail. Painters' pots and brushes, and workingmen's tools were scattered about; tell-tale spots of whitewash starred wall and floor."

Such domestic implements as pots and kettles had been bundled up in a corner all by themselves, and the cook was nowhere. Dinner, however, had not been forgotten. A solitary pot stood simmering (if it ever did simmer) on the stove. And (start not, for it is true) there was a bronze dish in waiting before the oven, and on the dish a sucking pig, all ready to be baked. But the oven was already engaged with its full complement of bread, so the sucking pig had to wait. And it never entered the oven, and the loaves were never taken out till after a sojourn of seventeen hundred years! They had been cooking ever since November 23, A. D. 79. M. Florelli has them now in his museum at Pompeii, twenty-one of them, rather hard, of course, and black, but perfectly preserved.

A PASTE FOR FAMILY USE.—The *Druggists' Circular* gives the following recipe for making paste similar to that used on postage stamps and gummed labels: Dextrine, two ounces; acetic acid, four drachms; alcohol, four drachms; water, two and a half ounces. Mix the dextrine, acetic acid and water, stirring until thoroughly mixed, then add alcohol. For attaching labels to tin, first run the surface with a mixture of muriatic acid and alcohol; then apply the label with a very thin coating of the paste, and it will adhere almost as well as on glass.

TO THE OTHER ARGUMENTS in favor of turning the soil in autumn, Mr. Olcott adds that it must seriously disturb the hibernating potato bug to be plowed out of bed late in November.

### THE TREE PEDDLER.

The frauds practiced upon farmers by unprincipled nurserymen are well pointed out in the following from the *Western Farmer:* "There is no greater humbug practised upon the credulity of the people than the offering of new fruits by tree agents and nurserymen, as the last thing that was ever discovered or planted. Nineteen out of every twenty of all these new fruits are entirely worthless. One nurseryman has an apple that is superior to all others, another a pear no one can do without, free from blight and an immense bearer, and the fruit of the finest quality. Another has a currant, a strawberry, or a raspberry, all entirely indispensable to the unsuspecting farmer. And still others have grapes that ripen early, are very large, delicious, and just the thing to supply all others for all purposes. One has a cherry that will take the place of the Early Richmond and the English Morello. All these will do, according to the opinions of the several owners of the humbug, in any and all climates and localities, like the patent medicines that are warranted to cure any and all diseases. One man, whose almost exclusive stock of evergreens is the European larch, recommends its planting without limit. Another has supplied himself abundantly with the Utah hybrid cherry, which is really not a cherry at all, but a very inferior small plum, and that is the cherry that everybody must have. Our common wild plums are transplanted and nursed and a large stock propogated—some significant name given them, and then heralded to the world as indispensable, high quality, large size, curculio proof, and indeed possessed with more good qualities than any and all other plums combined. Now the result of all this is, the farmers pay out thousands of dollars every year for stock that is not only worthless, and known to be worthless by the venders, but important time is lost in waiting for the results that are so boastingly promised, and only, after several years waiting, to find how they have been swindled."

SMALL ANIMALS GNAWING TREES.—Every winter the agricultural journals contain inquiries as to a remedy to prevent mice and rabbits gnawing trees and we are nearly annually answering them. Our remedy, which we have tried with success, has proved effectual in every instance in which it has been properly applied. It is to bandage the trees with an old cotton or woolen cloth; or very stiff paper will do—for mice eight or ten inches high will answer; for rabbits not less than two feet. The latter standing upright will reach up very nearly two feet, and as far as they can reach they will gnaw. The same cloth, if put away, will last for several years. Of course bandaging must be well done and tied to the tree securely.

In gardens, where rabbits are sure to be found, if there are any in the vicinity, a good protection is to feed them with cabbage stalks, or decayed heads of cabbage, offals of ruta bagas, carrots, etc., a supply of which is to be found on every farm. A "dead trap," baited with apple, will also clear the garden; but, if in a starving condition, a half dozen rabbits will destroy fifty young trees in a single night. One winter they not only injured several young pear trees for us, but nipped off the tender ends of certain shrubs as cleanly as if done with pruning shears. But, as we say, they are driven to this by starvation, when the ground is covered with snow.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

AN EXTINCT RACE.—One of the most remarkable races that ever inhabited the earth is now extinct.—They were known as the Guanches, and were the aborigines of the Canary Islands. In the sixteenth century, pestilence, slavery and the cruelty of the Spaniards succeeded in totally exterminating them. They are described as being gigantic in stature, but of a singularly mild and gentle nature. Their food consisted of barley, wheat, goat's milk, and their agriculture was of the rudest kind. They had a religion which taught them of a future state, of rewards and punishments after death, and of good and evil spirits. They regarded the volcano of Teneriffe as the place of punishment for the bad. The bodies of the dead were carefully embalmed, and deposited in catacombs, which still continue to be an object of curiosity to those who visit the Islands. Their marriage rites were very solemn, and before engaging in them the brides were fattened on milk. At the present day these strange people are totally extinct.—*Boston Globe.*

LACK OF APPETITE AND ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH.—Use lime water to correct acidity of the stomach, and the following tonic bitters: Gentian root, two ounces; dried orange peel, one ounce; cardamon seed, half an ounce—all to be bruised, and the same placed in a quart of whisky or diluted alcohol; let it stand for two weeks; dose, one or two tablespoonfuls in water two or three times a day. This is good for dyspepsia, loss of appetite, and general weakness or debility.

TO PRESERVE POTATOES FROM ROT.—Dust over the floor of the bin with lime, and put in about six or seven inches of potatoes, then dust with lime as before, then more potatoes, using about one bushel of lime to forty bushels of potatoes. The lime improves the flavor of the potatoes, and effectually kills the fungi which causes the rot.

A CARROT that went 25 inches toward China, and a turnip 35 inches around the waist, are recent exponents of the capabilities of Kansas soil.


# CALL AND SEE OUR GOODS,
AND EXAMINE OUR PRICES.

As we have the largest assortment and greatest variety in the county, and are prepared to give BETTER BARGAINS than can be obtained at any other establishment.

# ELEGANT NEW GOODS FOR FALL SALES!
WHICH WE HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM THE EASTERN CITIES WITH A LARGE STOCK OF
WHICH THEY HAVE OPENED THIS WEEK AND ARE NOW OFFERING AT
# PRICES NEVER BEFORE TOUCHED!

REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD DEAL WITH US:

We bought $10,000 worth of Goods for $5,000 cash from the stock of a Wholesale House in New York city which was closed out at Assignee's sale, and are determined to give the people a remedy for hard times by selling them Goods 35 per cent. cheaper than they have ever before or can now buy elsewhere.

# GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,
113 and 115 Clinton Street, Johnstown,
ALWAYS HAVE THE
## Largest, Best and Cheapest
Stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Millinery, Carpets, Oil Cloths, &c., to be found in Cambria county.
[2-4.] ☞ Don't forget the number and street. [tf.]

# When You Visit Carrolltown,
Which you should do if for no other purpose than to secure big bargains at the
# PEOPLE'S CHEAP CASH STORE!
BE SURE TO CALL BEFORE GOING ELSEWHERE ON
# S. TETTELBAUM & BRO.
WHO HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM THE EASTERN CITIES WITH A LARGE STOCK OF

# PULMONA,
Made from the prescription of one of the most eminent physicians in the medical family, is now offered to the public as a radical cure for CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, CATARRH, ASTHMA, &c.

PULMONA increases the strength and deepens the color of the pale blood. It checks Night Sweats with a fortnight. It subdues the CHILLS and FEVER. It diminishes Expectoration. It causes calm and refreshing sleep. It invigorates the appetite, and the invalid gains flesh rapidly.

PULMONA is beyond comparison the best remedy known for **Consumption** and all affections of the THROAT, LUNGS and NERVOUS SYSTEM.

**Extracts from Letters from Pastors of Churches.**

PULMONA saved my daughter's life.—Rev. Ez. Jones, Ironson, N. Y.

We thank God for the benefits we received from the use of PULMONA.—Rev. P. Warren, Canton, Pa.

Every one who I recommended it to has benefited much by its use.—Rev. C. D. Humphreys, Ralston, Pa.

PULMONA may be obtained thro' Druggists, or orders may be sent to OSCAR G. MOSES, Proprietor, 18 Cortlandt Street, New York. Price, $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.

A circular containing advice for the treatment of other diseases than mentioned, certificates of many actual cures, and pamphlets and circulars of cases successfully treated will be sent free to applicants.

PULMONA WILL CURE CONSUMPTION.

FARMS AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offers at private sale the following properties, to wit: A tract of land in Snyder township, Blair county, 1¼ miles from East Tyrone containing 188 acres, well improved, having thereon all the necessary farm buildings. This farm will be divided into two or three parts, as desired by purchasers, and if not sold before the the first of March next, it will then be rented.

Also, the farm on which I now reside, in Logan township 3½ miles from Altoona. The property is in a high state of cultivation and has a splendid house, barn and other buildings thereon erected.

Also, a tract of improved land situated partly in Blair and Cambria counties, containing 278 acres. This tract is underlaid with coal of excellent quality, well covered with timber, and has a railroad built to it, ready for shipping coal.

These will be sold in the whole or divided, and on terms to suit purchasers, or will exchange for Altoona city property. For further information call on or address WM. DECKER.
Nov. 23, 1877.-1y. Box 869, Altoona.

LORETTO PROPERTY AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offers for sale at a low price and on easy terms TWO LOTS OF GROUND, well improved, in Loretto borough, on which is erected a comfortable and desirable two story DWELLING HOUSE, 18x30 feet, with a good KITCHEN attached, as well as a substantial STABLE and other necessary OUTBUILDINGS. There are also on the premises, which are located on St. Mary's street, the principal thoroughfare of the town, a thriving Orchard of choice fruit and an abundance of excellent water. For further information call on or address FRANCIS O'FRIEL, Esq., attorney in fact for
PATRICK MEALLY.
Loretto, Oct. 12, 1877.-3m.

HOTEL PROPERTY AND FARM FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers at private sale on liberal terms the well known Mountain House, two doors west of the Pa. R. R. depot in the borough of Gallitzin. This property is well situated and well designed as a hotel and boarding house, and any one wishing to secure a good bargain will find it here.

Also, will be sold on terms equally satisfactory to the purchaser, a FARM of 112 acres, nearly all cleared and with a comfortable HOUSE and BARN thereon erected.

For conditions of sale and other particulars call on or address MARGARET WHELAN,
Nov. 30, 1877. Gallitzin, Pa.

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FOR PARTICULARS ADDRESS
WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO'Y,
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GIVEN AWAY.—A beautiful Imported Chromo and 60 Elegant M and Visiting Cards. 25c., 50 for 10c.; no chromo. ROYAL CARD CO., Port Leyden, N. Y.

25 FANCY CARDS, all New Styles, with name, 10 Cents, post-paid.—I. TERRY & CO., Cobleskill, N. Y.

HOMES in West Virginia Cheap. Send stamp for circular to J. H. Bris. or Martinsburg, W. Va.

40 Extra Fine Mixed Cards, with name, 10 cts., post-paid. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

MAKE HOME HAPPY.
A Plentiful Supply of Good Reading and Beautiful Pictures WILL DO IT.
THE CINCINNATI
# WEEKLY STAR,
A fine eight-page paper, with 48 full columns, **costs only $1.00 per year** (we pay postage), and is the *largest, brightest,* and best paper published for the money. It is independent in politics, gives all the news, and, besides much other good reading, every number has three or four excellent *original or selected stories.* Every subscriber also receives a copy of the beautiful engraving, **"The Poor the Poor Man's Friend,"** size 30x34 inches, and a copy of THE STAR ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC. **25 cts. extra** must be sent to pay expense of packing and mailing premiums. ☞ **Our Inducements to Agents,** always the most liberal in the field, are now greater than ever. We want every club agent in the country to communicate with us before commencing work. To any person desiring to get up a club, we will send a sample copy of the picture and a canvasser's outfit for **25 cts.** *Specimen copy of paper free.* **Send for one before subscribing for any other.**
Persons to whom we have already sent the picture, **"The Poor the Poor Man's Friend,"** by saying so can have in its stead another excellent engraving, of same size, which we have secured, free of extra charge.
☞ *Paper without picture, One Dollar.*
THE STAR,
*236 Walnut St., Cincinnati, O.*
MAKE HOME PLEASANT.
MAKE YOUR HOME BEAUTIFUL. MAKE YOUR HOME ENTERTAINING.

IF YOU WANT TO
# HAVE MORE FUN
*THAN GOING TO A CIRCUS,*
Around the Evening Lamp, during the coming winter evenings, be sure and subscribe for the Cincinnati
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It will kill the blues sure dead, and fill your home with happy, healthful mirth.

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**On Luther's Patent Silk Canvas,**
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Write immediately and state experience in this business, and also age. Address,
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☞ Don't fail to say what paper you saw this in. [10-12.-3m.]

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PANKE CAKE FLOUR
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$777 is not easily earned in these times, but it can be made in three months' by any one of either sex, in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the employment which we furnish. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address at once, H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Maine. (3-25.-1y $1

30 FINE CARDS, no two alike, with name, 10 cts. Address SPENCER & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

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# HARDWARE,
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Preparatory to tearing down and rebuilding his extensive Store Room,
## Geo. Huntley
WILL DISPOSE OF HIS
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Jan. 4, 1878.-tf.

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Ebensburg, May 11, 1877.-tf.

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☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try me.
April 24, 1873.-tf. JOHN PARKE.

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SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP.
CLARION, Pa., December 14, 1875. *Messrs. R. P. Sellers & Co.*: Your Cough Syrup is doing wonders. Two doses cured me of a bad cough of one week's standing.—JAMES H. COURTER.
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EGYPTIAN LOVE OF SOMETHING BIG.—The notion of bigness seems to have held a closer grip over the despotic Egyptian mind than over any other psychological specimen with which we are acquainted. It does not need a journey up the Nile to show us their fondness for the immense; half an hour at the British Museum is quite sufficient. Now, why did the Egyptians so revel in enormous works of art? This question is usually answered by saying that their absolute rulers loved thus to show the vastness of their power; and doubtless the answer is very true as far as it goes, and quite falls in with our theory given above. But it does not always happen that despotic monarchs build pyramids or Memnons, and the further question suggests itself—what was there in the circumstances of Egypt which determined this special and exceptional display of architectural extravagance? As we cast about for an answer, an analogy strikes us at once. Taking the world as a whole, I think it will be seen that the greatest architectural achievements are to be found in the great plain countries, and that mountain districts are comparatively bare of large edifices. The plain of Lombardy, the plain of the Low Countries, the plain of Chartres, the lower Rhine Valley, the Eastern countries—these are the spots where our great European cathedrals are to be found; and if we pass over to Asia, we shall similarly discover the country for pagodas, mosques and temples in the broad basins of the Euphrates, the Ganges, the Indus, the Hoang Ho and the Yang-tze kiang. No doubt castles and fortresses are to be found everywhere on heights for purposes of defense; but purely ornamental architecture is most flourishing in level expanses of land. Now, there is no level expanses of land in the world habitable by man so utterly unbroken and continuous as the Valley of the Nile.—Herein, doubtless, we have a clue to the special Egyptian love for collossal undertakings of every sort.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

A CURIOUS CALCULATION.—A very ingenious speculation was published about half a century ago as to the number of a man's ancestors. It was said that as every man must have two parents, four grandparents, eight great grandparents, and so on, it might fairly be assumed of any given man that the number of his direct ancestors living at the time of the Conquest might amount to upward of eight millions, presuming that the number doubled about thrice in each century. There are several curious sequences of this idea, which are given by Sir Richard Phillips, in his "Morning's Walk from London to Kew." Grey, according to Walpole, in 1749, had computed that "there must go a million of ancestors in twenty generations to everybody's composition." Touching the idea itself, it may be noted that there is in it a fundamental error, or, rather, a counteracting element, which soon checks the increase of ancestors, then neutralizes it, and finally diminishes it. This cause is the "brother and sister" element. It is soon found that in tracing up ancestors, that, for example, two men and a woman, who ought in the preceding generation to have six parents, being brothers and sister, have only two. Hence, every man's pedigree, if it could be fairly traced out, would be represented as a double cone; two cones joined at their bases, the apex of the one being himself, the apex of the other Adam.—Probably the true form of such a family tree would be an elipsis.

NEVER SERVED.—An English writer speaking of Pompeii, says: "One house in Pompeii had evidently been in a state of repair when the volcano storm buried it. Painters, and decorators, and cleaners were masters of the situation. The household goods were all in disorder, and the family, if not out of town, must have been undergoing that condition of misery which spring cleaning and other like infections invariably entail. Painters' pots and brushes, and workingmen's tools were scattered about; tell-tale spots of whitewash starred wall and floor."

Such domestic implements as pots and kettles had been bundled up in a corner all by themselves, and the cook was nowhere. Dinner, however, had not been forgotten. A solitary pot stood simmering (if it ever did simmer) on the stove. And (start not, for it is true) there was a bronze dish in waiting before the oven, and on the dish a sucking pig, all ready to be baked. But the oven was already engaged with its full complement of bread, so the sucking pig had to wait. And it never entered the oven, and the loaves were never taken out till after a sojourn of seventeen hundred years! They had been cooking ever since November 23, A. D. 79. M. Florelli has them now in his museum at Pompeii, twenty-one of them, rather hard, of course, and black, but perfectly preserved.

A PASTE FOR FAMILY USE.—The *Druggists' Circular* gives the following recipe for making paste similar to that used on postage stamps and gummed labels: Dextrine, two ounces; acetic acid, four drachms; alcohol, four drachms; water, two and a half ounces. Mix the dextrine, acetic acid and water, stirring until thoroughly mixed, then add alcohol. For attaching labels to tin, first run the surface with a mixture of muriatic acid and alcohol; then apply the label with a very thin coating of the paste, and it will adhere almost as well as on glass.

TO THE OTHER ARGUMENTS in favor of turning the soil in autumn, Mr. Olcott adds that it must seriously disturb the hibernating potato bug to be plowed out of bed late in November.